

CANADA'S

WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

Maclean's

DECEMBER 9, 1996

King Of Gold

The daring deal that makes Peter Munk the world's biggest gold miner

Playing by Indonesia's rules



\$3.50





How TO SPOT A ZIGGER.

THE THINGS THAT ZIG ARE NEVER OBVIOUS. IN FACT WHILE EVERYONE IS LOOKING IN ONE DIRECTION YOU HAVE TO LOOK THE OTHER WAY THEN, WITH ANY LUCK, WHERE IT IS THE UNEXPECTED.

CASE IN POINT IS A TOTALLY NEW EUROPEAN INSPIRED LUXURY SEDAN WITH A SURPRISINGLY RADICAL DIFFERENCE. IT'S A CADILLAC. THE 1997 CATERA.

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IT'S AN INSPIRED COMBINATION

AND WHILE IT COMBINES UNEXPECTED LUXURY AND PERFORMANCE, CATERA IS ALSO DESIGNED TO DEAL WITH THE UNEXPECTED. BEGINNING WITH A RIGID STEEL PASSENGER SAFETY CAGE. AND COMBINING FEATURES SUCH AS OVER-SIZED 4-WHEEL DISC BRAKES WITH ABS. FULL RANGE TRACTION CONTROL. DUAL AIR BAGS. EVEN FRONT



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THE CADDY THAT ZIGS.

Maclean's CANADA'S WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

This Week

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Cover

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A year ago, Canada's Peter Munk proclaimed his ambition to create the largest gold-mining town on the planet. By outmaneuvering Calgary-based Brierley Minerals Ltd. in the jungles of Indonesia, he now stands within reach of that goal. How he got this far is a story of international intrigue and highly paid contacts



Features

18 Labor against the wall

The furor over Canadian Airlines underscores a stark reality across the country: unions are being pushed to compromise. Are they ready to face the need for change?



24 Snuffing out smoking

Health Minister David Ogilvie's new legislation will limit tobacco sponsorship of cultural and sporting events. It is also likely to face a constitutional challenge.



60 A toast to Canadian books

Maclean's celebrates the latest winners of the Governor General's Literary Awards, the year's best fiction and non-fiction, and some of the season's best gift books

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From The Editor

A banner year for authors



There was an unmistakable excitement in the air. A father came to watch two children perform, shoppers at a seasonal conversation crowded around a display on the third floor and a crowd lined up for capuccinos. Eaton's or The Bay was never like this. The scene was from Wal-Mart, but the ambience was decidedly Fifth Avenue. Welcome to the new world of shopping for books. Welcome to Chapters bookstore, Toronto edition. Born of the merger of SouthBooks and Coles in 1995, the Canadian-controlled chain now has 10 superstores, from Richmond, B.C., and Calgary to Montreal. The chain's many offices insist that the immediate scope of Chapters, with its 20 percent stake by U.S. giant book chain Barnes & Noble, has—and will—draw independents and small shops out of business. Yet the Saturday afternoon buzz was a hearty accolade to the concerns about the state of the chain and the future of Canadian-owned bookstores. Hundreds of people were browsing for best-sellers, or sampling newspapers and magazines. Reading was a rite en vogue.



Almost still queen of Canadian letters

The megastore had arrived in Toronto just in time to host one of the final events of the season in honor of Canada's literary lights. The occasion was a cocktail party, complete with pink martinis and bubbly, that served as a boisterous prelude to the annual Toronto dinner of the Writers' Development Trust. Along with a similar evening in Vancouver last week, the Trust raised about \$150,000 for its various causes, including funds for needy writers

and for an internet program that gets writers online with students.

It has been a stellar year for English Canada's authors—and the world has been taking notice. Margaret Atwood's *Alias Grace*, winner of the \$25,000 Giller Prize for best fiction, is a global sensation. Guy Vanderhaeghe's superb *The Englishman's Boy* won a Governor General's Award. There were new voices by trusted names that won praise, including Matt Cohen's *Last Seen* and Timothy Findley's *See How They Run*, while Alice Munro and Mavis Gallant, both masters of the short story, had volumes of selected works published. As well, there has been vigorous bidding for several first novels, among them actor and playwright Ann-Marie MacDonald (*Fall on Your Knees*), Gill Anderson-Dargatzis (*The Care for Death by Lightening*) and Anne Michaels (*Fugitive Planet*).

In nonfiction, the list of hot sellers includes *Double Vision: The Inside Story of the Liberals* by Edward Greenspan and Anthony Wilson-Smith; *Joe Wong's Red China Blues* and the latest bible of the baby boomers, *Becoming a Billionaire* by David Price and David Sussman. These and many other works mark a season of renewal for a struggling industry. And not only do the books contain many proven winners of the craft, but they offer the promise of a new generation of writers to fill the shelves and create the buzz for years to come.

Robert Lewis

Newsroom Notes:

The making of a mega-deal

In Canadian business, 1996 has been the year of the mering mega-deal. Last spring, Inco Ltd. beat out Falconbridge Ltd. in a \$4.3-billion bidding war for the Vasey's Bay nickel deposit in Labrador—the world's largest nickel find. Now, Peter Murk's Barrick Gold Corp. is poised to wrest



Lewis' experience

control of one of the world's largest gold finds from Calgary-based B2K Minerals Ltd. The deal will make him the world's largest gold producer.

In overseeing this week's cover package, Assistant Managing Editor Ross Lewis drew on the experience of two Maclean's writers who have followed Murk's progress for years: National Business Correspondent

Jennifer Wells was the first Canadian reporter to visit Murk's Goldstrike property in Nevada, the cash cow with which he built a mining empire. And Bettor Witter Norm Morris covered Murk's initial venture into European real estate in 1993—an early step in his drive to become a global property developer. COMING In the Dec. 23 issue, on sale Dec. 16, the eleventh annual Honor Roll of Canadians who made a difference and, the following week, the annual year-end poll on the mood of the country plus a special essay by Peter C. Newman on the new century.



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Band members at Queen's University: a valuable guide

Educational questions

Congratulations on "Universities 96: The 50th Annual Ranking"—a penetrating analysis of Canada's universities (Cover, Nov. 25). A suggestion, please: in future studies, consider collecting information to permit ranking by faculties, such as medicine, law, business, etc. For the prospective student with an idea concerning his or her future career, such further breakdowns could be a valuable guide.

John L. B. White
West Vancouver

There is much discussion in the latest *Maclean's* university rankings issue about whether universities should be "expanding outreach" or "expanding marketable skills." Beware, students, of any journalist, politician or businessperson who tells you not to learn to think.

Sharon Morley
New Brunswick P.E.I.

Why didn't they tell us about university degrees with little practical benefit? I've been and unemployed in my search for employment after graduating from university with an English-history BA. The high-school

guidance counsellor assured me that an English degree was the way to go, one could pursue a career in almost anything with it. It really is a catch-22 situation. I am experienced in doing research and writing essays, reading novels and historical dissertations, but most employers aren't looking for these qualifications. I have become over-educated and under-experienced. The only solution I can think of is a combination of academic and practical training. Students need to be told how to put

our degrees to work for us, and which degrees will work for us.

Tracy Maclean
Peterborough, Ont.

Perhaps your next university survey and rankings should add a seventh major criterion: administrative competence. Under this heading, you could ask such questions as: Is there freedom of expression on campus, or are students and faculty afraid to speak out? Does the student newspaper disappear if it publishes something critical about the administration? Is a professor who makes students discipline, or are the complaints passed off to the administration's first priority to maintain an environment conducive to excellence in teaching, learning and research, or to save face? Is anything done about incompetent professors, or does each department have one or two as fixtures? Is the administration honest and fair to both students and faculty? Are students and faculty regularly included in the idea proposal, decision-making, and implementation processes? I believe these questions have a greater bearing on the quality of education on each campus than many of those you have been asking.

Prof. Meier Remerly
Legislative Department
Simon Fraser University
Burnaby, B.C.

Why is there such a high destitute dropout rate, and which universities have the highest rate? If, indeed, they are of great value in obtaining education with high-earning peers, why are so many of these high-earning students not making the grade? It is, in your statistics indicate, most of those who are leaving are Ontario Scholars and likely to be

Trimming the top

About Canadian Airlines won't "Emm-Agency reassess," *Business*, Nov. 25, if the board of directors resigned in 1992 and was not replaced for two years, and have resigned again rather than attempt some rational solution, why bother with a board of directors at all? This would surely trim some of the fat from the top rather than having to go after the rank and file as a first-choice panacea. As for the cutting of domestic flights, what do the airlines have against Canadians travelling inside Canada for reasonable rates? There are more than a few of us who would visit Newfoundland and Yellowknife as soon as go to Hawaii or Florida, if we didn't have to mortgage our souls for a ticket.

Richard Macdonald,
Victoria

the leaders of tomorrow, why do they need to be needed up? It seems some of the top-ranked universities are majoring in inaction, not education.

Henry Brooks
South River, Ont.

Maclean's cover story in "Classes taught by tenured faculty" and bottom in its group of Medical/Doctoral universities. Simon Fraser come bottom in "Classes taught by tenured faculty" and top in the comparative group. Why then, use the number of classes taught by tenured faculty as a criterion?

R. J. Baker
Surrey, B.C.

Do not disturb

Last year article about the movie *Crest* being held up for release in the United States, it says that "there may be less and less room for disturbing content in film and television" ("Waiting for Crest," *Ellen*, Nov. 11). Let's hope that's right.

D. L. Taylor
Fort Providence, N.W.T.

Not-so-private lives

First and foremost, let me apologize to all those in the past two weeks who have felt the embarrassment that I myself have experienced in reaction to the article printed in *Maclean's* ("Ashley's indiscretions," *Music*, Nov. 25), most particularly my family and the community of Cape Breton. During a long conversation with *Maclean's* about my career, my life and a recent interview with

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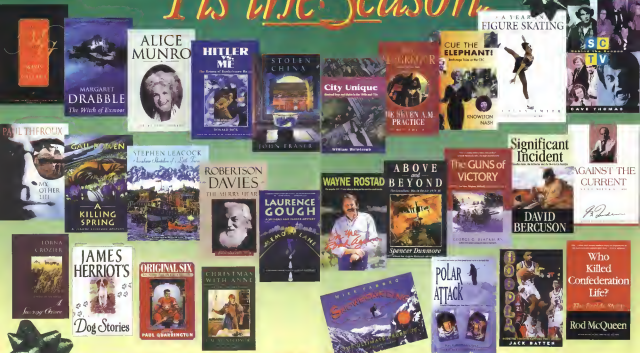
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THE MAIL

The *Advertiser*, it never occurred to me that Maclean's would not employ the same editorial principles as, say, *The Advertiser*, a newspaper of sensationalizing and focusing on my personal life. I have performed for four years trying to bring folk music to a non-traditional audience. I feel that my efforts as a musician, and maybe even as a spokesman for Canadian music and culture, were completely ignored by Maclean's.

Adley Maclean
Atlanta, Ga.

As a Cape Bretoner living in Vancouver, I was dismayed to see your article about Adley Maclean, a bright, talented, young musician, was devoted to his sexual proclivities more rather than his music. They do not seem to bother the 300,000-plus fans that buy his CDs and all his concerts. What strange should be presented by, in your words, a "Canadian boyband"?

Lee Stewart
Vancouver

Regardless of Adley Maclean's personal life, he is still one of the greatest Cape Bretoners to ever grace an audience. What Maclean does behind closed doors doesn't change the fact he deserves to be noted for his achievements and accomplishments. So what if Maclean decides he wants to be open and honest about his sex life—can't that what journalists look for?

John E. Zerk
Bellevue

Looking to the future

Charles Gordon hits the nail on the head with his observation that the Conservative government seems to go out of its way to alienate the province's citizens ("Class warfare and the Harris government," *Advertiser View*, Nov. 29). While no one would argue that government expenditures need to be drastically scaled back, to turn it into an ideological battle sends the



The Road Ahead

A clean, safe source of energy

Current global reserves of fossil fuels are so vast that Canada's energy future may be secure well into the next century. But at what cost do we burn oil and coal? The CO₂ and other pollutants released are already hurting the environment, and as the highest per capita users of energy in the world, we Canadians are among the worst offenders. How are we to dissuade developing nations that are clamoring to improve their standard of living from using more fossil fuels to achieve their goals?

Unfortunately, there are now no attractive and universal alternatives. Wind, solar and hydro power can be harnessed in certain circumstances, but they all have strict limitations. The nuclear fission process, the basis of existing commercial nuclear power stations, satisfies many of today's environmental requirements. But it has three negatives when considered as a long-term solution to energy needs. First, the reserves of the uranium that it requires as fuel are finite, expected to last 100 years or less. Second, fission reactors do not always work properly, and the fission process is difficult to stop if its operations lose control of it. Third, the its high-level radioactive waste spent fuel must be stored for tens of thousands of years.

Considering the energy options presently available, nuclear fission seems like the least of several evils, acceptable as a bridging technology between "dirty" fossil fuels and something better in the future. And at present, it certainly generally fares only one potential alternative: nuclear fusion.

Fusion—the joining (or fusing) of atoms

at high temperatures—is the complement of fission, the splitting of atoms of low temperatures. The fusion reaction occurs between types isotopes of hydrogen, releasing huge quantities of energy and a neutron (sub-atomic) particle. The basic fuels are available in unlimited quantities. And while the reaction must be strongly controlled to proceed, it ceases immediately if control of the process is lost.

Scientists are making great strides internationally in fusion experiments. And given the potential benefits of such a technology, it seems incredible that Ottawa would withdraw its support of fusion research. Yet the government has cut back its funding of Atomic Energy of Canada Ltd., the agency responsible for the small amount previously earmarked for fusion research. AECL's response: cut everything else down to its bare bones—except fusion. (With fusion decided eventually to replace fission, the AECL's main product, having the agency administer fusion research was like making a starving fox to take good care of the chickens. A more sensible administrator would be a scientific body such as the National Research Council. But progress there is stalled at the Federal Treasury Board, which would have to augment NRCC funding to cover fusion.)

If Treasury Board president Marcel Veilich does not act immediately to fund essential research, the scientists will disperse into other fields or leave the country and Canada will quickly lose the fusion expertise it acquired over the past 15 years. Our country will be forced into a nuclear commitment in the energy source of the future.

The fuel itself creates neither an energy supply problem in Canada, a political, social and economic problem. Disposition of the waste will be handled in regular fashion as appear in an electronic waste board.

Spencer Fischer,
Toronto

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Healthy Bites

Cutbacks and the survivor syndrome



Surviving cutbacks can feel like you're back in the trenches.

syndrome" and the best way to cope, maintains psychiatrist Dr. Jens-Jacques Bourque, is to try to let work problems take over your whole life. Compensate by spending quality time with family, friends and in recreational pursuits.

How to eat in cold weather: Lessons from Bosnia

A report from the Institute of Medicine aimed at helping American military personnel withstand a Bosnian winter applies to anyone engaging in sustained, strenuous activity in cold weather or at high altitudes. To compensate for the increased energy needs in such situations, the report recommends a carbohydrate-rich diet and suggests that the percentage of energy from fat in the diet may be increased temporarily to 40%. A lot of interest is the importance placed on drinking adequate fluids, which the report states, is as crucial in intense cold or high altitudes, as it is in desert heat.

A new look at causes of stroke



Until recently, Japan had the highest rate of stroke in the world. Animal and human studies of the phenomenon have led researchers to believe that in addition to high blood pressure, the low blood cholesterol levels, produced by the traditional Japanese diet were a contributing factor. Evidence suggests that low blood cholesterol levels encourage weak, fragile blood vessels in the brain, which can lead to stroke. Over the past 30 years, however, the Japanese have begun eating more meat and milk products. Their diet has become more balanced and salt intakes are decreasing. Interestingly, the stroke rate, while still high, is down to the level of the

THE MAIL

wrong message I voted for the government, but for it to attempt to cut the deficit almost overnight demonstrates a miserable understanding of what Ontario, and Canada, needs. Real, effective cuts to the health-care system and all levels of the education system can reduce the deficit now, but will greatly reduce our potential by reducing opportunities for current and future generations.

Michael Luthi,
Norsby, B.C. 96

What Claude Gervais fails to consider is that the Ontario Conservatives are not in fact doing "the right thing." Neither socialism, neither, does nor public services will stand for Premier Miller. Harris and his brand of neo-conservatism much longer. And in the end, it won't matter whose interests Harris is trying to act in, or if he is really doing the "right thing" for the "wrong reasons." Very soon, this government will be seen by all for what it represents: a select group intent on following its own agenda and destroying every social institution that has benefited this province for the past century.

Greg Jack,
Bradford, Ont. 96

Unique Canadians

Just in case you forgot the name of Heriot's Hill, Canada's top acronym for Maclean's Flower Salt. Herbert established the Future Acre Foundation in 1987 to award scholar awards to students in need of financial assistance and who qualify under the fund's philosophy. He is well respected and held in high esteem by the North York Board of Education in Metropolitan Toronto as well as the local and provincial governments.

Frank Hild,
Richmond Hill, Ont.

On behalf of the Canadian Liver Foundation, it is with much enthusiasm that I am extending Dr. Joseph Herlihy, one of Canada's leading gastroenterologists, to be considered for Maclean's Honor Roll. In 1986, Dr. Herlihy chaired Canada's first comprehensive education program on hepatitis C, a liver disease affecting 300,000 Canadians. As a CLF supporter, she travelled across the country educating physicians in the diagnosis and treatment of hepatitis C while informing the general public about the risk and transmission of this disease. Thanks to Dr. Herlihy's dedication to helping improve the health of Canadians, the National Hepatitis C Education Program received nationwide media attention resulting in a heightened awareness of hepatitis C and the CLF.

Ronald R. McCreary
Executive Director
Canadian Liver Foundation
Toronto

Editorial Update

Maclean's Honor Roll

Maclean's presents its 11th annual Honor Roll of 12 Canadians who have made a difference to the nation. Selected by Maclean's editorial team, these chosen few have added luster to the worlds of arts and entertainment, science, business, sports, charity and academia. Find all about the honorees in the Dec. 23 issue, available on most newsstands on Dec. 16.

Maclean's Double Issue

Maclean's presents its annual double issue, featuring the 13th year-end poll which asks Canadians to share their perceptions of the future of the nation as we approach 1987. This popular poll explores how Canadians feel about everything from national unity and government policies to sex and spirituality. This issue also features "Welcome to the Millennium," a special report by Peter C. Newman. Maclean's Dec. 20/26/31 497 double issue is available on most newsstands on Dec. 23.

Personal Finance

Once a month, Maclean's explores the latest in money matters, real estate, the dollar and more. Personal Finance provides readers with information and advice on topics such as retirement planning and income tax software.

Multimedia News



A special CD-ROM

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Maclean's

Canada's Weekly News Magazine



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Opening Notes

Edited by BARBARA FITCKENS

Attention shoppers

When it comes to shopping in North America, only certain streets have real panache—Boulevard in Los Angeles, for instance, or Fifth Avenue in New York City. But recently, retail development along Vancouver's Robson Street has elevated it into a main-entrance-and-escapement destination for the gold coast set. While Robson Street stretches for about 15 blocks east and west, the heart of the shopping district runs roughly five blocks through the downtown core. Among high-profile retailers that have recently set up flagship stores are Ann's, Banana Republic, and Levi's. A Virgin music store is coming, and on Dec. 15, the highly publicized, celebrity-owned Planet Hollywood will join the more than 40 other restaurants on the strip. Of course, high-profile usually means high price, and Robson is no exception. Rents are pushing towards \$150 per square foot—up from \$50 to \$75 just three

Robson Street: soaring rents but no vacancies on Vancouver's trendy avenue

years ago—but it now also means a rate indicates that retailers are willing to pay the price. According to the Robson Street Business Association, more than 15,000 shoppers browse—and frequently drop big bucks—in its stores each day. And Robson's increasing popularity has helped to turn it into a tourist event. As Glenn Sato, spokesman for Levi's Stores Canada, puts it, "Levi's recognized that Robson Street is really one of the most relevant retail streets not only in Canada but, we think, in North America."

his ability to manipulate the legal system that was evident during protracted extradition hearings in Calgary. Now in jail in Sacramento, Ng was supposed to go to trial on Sept. 8 after nearly 30 years of delays. But since then, authorities had to postpone it by as much as a year after Ng, who faces the prospect of conviction in a perjury case, filed the lawsuit in a string of court cases arguing that either his attorneys or the police are not acting in his best interests or are prejudiced. Ng has had several lawyers and judges removed—a case that has cost the state almost \$9.5 million. "The guy knows his legal system," says Matt Rens, a spokesman for the California attorney general's office. "He wouldn't be arrested like this today if he didn't."



Ng: a master of manipulating the system

Mock turkey

For those who have sworn off meat but for some reason hanker for something that looks like meat, the fabled American knowledge has come to the rescue. In San Francisco, a restaurant and bakery called Now & Zen reports brisk sales of Un-turkeys—a product resembling a turkey breast but made of wheat gluten covered with a skin

of bean curd. A Hood River, Ore., outlet sells a Tofurkey, tofu concoctions with simulated drumsticks. As for vealers who think turkey is not meat enough, there is the Tarducan—a deboned turkey stuffed with a deboned chicken. It may sound more like some horrible barnyard accident than a meal, but it is selling well at Herbster's Specialty Meats in Maunula, La.

Sour plums

In Washington, would-be fat ladies are dropping through the newly published "Yoga Book" to find the joy of their dreams. The employment guide—officially titled *The United States Government Policy and Supporting Positions*—lists 8,000 federal jobs paying anywhere from \$47,000 to more than \$135,000 that will open up over the next few months to new members of

the Clinton administration hire their own layoffs. But last week, the Council for Excellence in Government, made up of former political appointees, issued *The Phrasé Book*, announcing the overseas demands to avoid in most patronage jobs. "There are no longer patron jobs in government," declares congressional president Patricia McGowan. "Now they are patron-in-laws" that demand expensive and wisdom."

Blood feud

Whose blood isn't, anyway? That is a question some Bosnian Serbs in aboriginal people are asking after learning that blood samples their people gave to the provincial government laboratory more than 10 years ago turned up in a blood data bank at the Regina RCMP headquarters. The blood was originally collected as part of routine medical testing. Officials at the provincial laboratory say they have no record of handling over the 300 samples that the Moones are working with. That, says Chief Blaine Farel of the Federation of Saskatchewan Indians, raises "anxiety and legal issues because the blood is not to be used for medical purposes, is irregularly stored. But Jean Rames, head of the biology section of the RCMP lab, says that, despite rumors to the contrary, the blood is not being used to try to identify crime suspects. The police, says Rames, are simply trying to determine how often certain patterns appear in the DNA of aboriginals and other racial groups.

Still, it could be only a matter of time before DNA data banks are set up to help identify the perpetrators in criminal investigations. The RCMP is hoping the federal government will table legislation to allow for the storage of the genetic "fingerprints" of people convicted of serious crimes. Police want the power to cross-reference such data with DNA samples collected from unsolved crimes. Currently, police have to have other evidence against a suspect to gain access to any DNA collected in another investigation.

BEST-SELLERS

- FICTION**
1. *White Noise*, Don DeLillo (3)
 2. *The September*, Jay McInerney (2)
 3. *The Tale of Pigeons*, John Galsworthy (2)
 4. *Lost Heroes*, Graham Greene (3)
 5. *For the Love of Money*, Alan Moorehead (4)
 6. *White Noise*, Don DeLillo (5)
 7. *September*, Jay McInerney (6)
 8. *The Tale of Pigeons*, John Galsworthy (7)
 9. *The Tale of Pigeons*, John Galsworthy (8)
 10. *White Noise*, Don DeLillo (9)
 11. *White Noise*, Don DeLillo (10)
 12. *White Noise*, Don DeLillo (11)
 13. *White Noise*, Don DeLillo (12)
 14. *White Noise*, Don DeLillo (13)
 15. *White Noise*, Don DeLillo (14)
 16. *White Noise*, Don DeLillo (15)
 17. *White Noise*, Don DeLillo (16)
 18. *White Noise*, Don DeLillo (17)
 19. *White Noise*, Don DeLillo (18)
 20. *White Noise*, Don DeLillo (19)
- NONFICTION**
1. *White Noise*, Don DeLillo (1)
 2. *White Noise*, Don DeLillo (2)
 3. *White Noise*, Don DeLillo (3)
 4. *White Noise*, Don DeLillo (4)
 5. *White Noise*, Don DeLillo (5)
 6. *White Noise*, Don DeLillo (6)
 7. *White Noise*, Don DeLillo (7)
 8. *White Noise*, Don DeLillo (8)
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 18. *White Noise*, Don DeLillo (18)
 19. *White Noise*, Don DeLillo (19)
 20. *White Noise*, Don DeLillo (20)

1. *White Noise*, Don DeLillo (1)

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4. *White Noise*, Don DeLillo (4)

5. *White Noise*, Don DeLillo (5)

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18. *White Noise*, Don DeLillo (18)

19. *White Noise*, Don DeLillo (19)

20. *White Noise*, Don DeLillo (20)

Baring the sole

With Street, A Celebration of Pulp, San Diego, Slippers & More, New York City journalist Linda O'Neil's delivers on the book title's promise: lavishly illustrated with more than 1,000 shoes, accompanied with each foot there is the average North American woman owns 30 pairs



Passages



unarmed Muslims last year in Sarajevo, Bosnia, by the UN criminal tribunal for the former Yugoslavia in the Hague. Erdemovic is the first person sentenced by an international war crimes tribunal since the Nuremberg and Tokyo trials after the Second World War. Meanwhile, Bosnian Serb military leader Gen. **Ratko Mladic**, who is also under indictment by the war crimes tribunal but has evaded arrest, resigned his command under pressure from political leaders. Bosnian Serb President **Billjane Plavic** dismissed Mladic on Nov. 9, but he refused to step down

PRESENTED The 1996 Marian Engel Award, worth \$10,000, to Toronto writer Barbara Gentry, 46, in Toronto. Gentry is the author of three novels, including the acclaimed *Marian Engel*, and a collection of short stories, *Woe to Seldom Love*. The award, named for the novelist who died in 1985, goes to an established women author.

DIED British comedian and writer Michael Bentzon, 72, who founded the revolutionary program *The Gown Show* with Peter Sellers. **Spike Milligan** and **Mary McCormack** in 1952, in London after long-term treatment for prostate cancer.

AWARDED The Hec Gagliardi Trophy as outstanding Canadian university player, to Eric Lapointe, 22, of Montreal, who averaged 23.1 rushing yards a game with the Montreal of Mount Allison University in Saskatoon, N.B.

DIED U.S. actor Mark Leonard, 68, an accomplished performer of the classics but best known as Sank of Wilson, father of Mr. Spock in the popular TV and movie series *Star Trek*.

SENTENCED Former Rio de Janeiro politician Nelson **Guilherme dos Santos** Cordeiro, 29, to 20 years in jail after confessing to killing eight school children in a shooting spree in 1993. By Judge Jose Guedes Antonio in Rio. Under Brazilian law, the most Cordeiro can serve is 30 years.

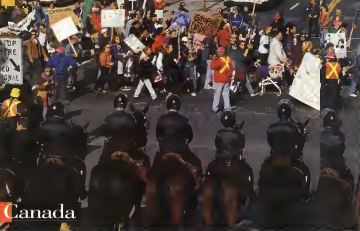
A sculptor makes his mark on Moscow

Lev or hate it, the work of sculptor Zuzab Yuriev is practically impossible to ignore in Moscow. Yuriev's work has been on at least four major commissions in art because he delivers artistic product on time—no matter how tight the deadline. The sculptor's latest effort—a rough-hewn, 300-foot-high statue of Great Peter the Great—will stand on the banks of the Moscow River. "It's as easy as all his previous work," says an local architect who asked not to be identified because he works for Yuriev. But the mayor and the sculptor have had a falling out over a statue that the sculptor, who is Jewish, tried to place in the Jewish People's Park that collapsed and the huge work, retired. The *Rajdny of the People*, went up at Moscow's



The Tragedy of the People: a nightmare at a public park

Second World War memorial building. But after a leading newspaper called it "a nightmare enclosed in bronze," Yuriev had it moved behind the building—where its line of stopped figures appears to be shuffling towards a public hell. Now, it is popularly known as *The Queue for the Loo*.



Canada

Labor's trying times

BY PATRICIA CHISHOLM

Labor relations are terrible and they are getting worse. Employers are on a roll. They are just pushing workers down as far as they can push us.

—Gordon Wilson, president, Ontario Federation of Labour

Unions are classic depictions of totalitarianism. They want to be free from negative government effects. But they have to recognize that isn't possible. They are becoming an outmoded ramp group.

—Leonard Lee, co-owner, Lee Valley Tools, Ottawa

Deeply held views, reflecting deeply divided philosophies. Lee, 58, has spent 13 years building his woodworking and grinding tool business into a seven-store chain. Times are good at Lee Valley Tools, partly because of growing U.S. sales, and the company's 300 nonunionized employees enjoy a generous profit-sharing plan. While unions have a place, Lee says, their members expect too much. "They shouldn't be taking pay cuts all the time, but we need to look at some of the featherbedding that goes on," he says. The Ontario Federation of Labour's Wilson, on the other hand, believes that labor is fighting for its life. In the face of massive spending cuts by the Harris government, as well as the repeal of liberalized labor legislation,

his organization spearheaded the controversial Days of Protest that, on Oct. 25, closed Toronto to a crawl. But public reaction to the strike of buses and taxis was decidedly mixed, and Wilson says voters might not see the strike as the Ontario Tories, the governments right across the country, are systematically halting away at the union union have made since the end of the Second World War. "At least our people are standing up for themselves," he hoots. "They're not at home, lazily watching their thumbs."

Organized labor under siege—that reality was evident across the country last week as unions had battle with employers. In Vancouver, Canadian Auto Workers chief Buzz Hargrove was battered by management, his own rank and file, and even Ottawa, for refusing to sign a wage-cutting deal with Canadian Airlines International—one that the troubled carrier says is crucial to its survival (page 28). At the same time, the B.C. Government and Services Employees' Union is negotiating quietly with the provincial NDP government, which announced earlier this year that it will lay off 3,000 civil servants. While the union will probably succeed in cushioning the impact of the cuts, it will almost certainly not stop them. Even the Parti Québécois government of Jacques Parizeau, once firmly allied with labor, is facing a groundswell of opposition from unionists as it prepares to force cutbacks on its civil service.

The days when labor and management could both come away from the bargaining table with smiles on their faces may be drawing

Taking it the streets workers fight back

near, professor of Economics. "But in some ways, that is a scandalous statement. They are getting more involved in social issues. Now they need to demonstrate that they are necessary—and not just an interest group."

Of course, many of the rank and file remain deeply conservative. A bird in the hand—a good job, bolstered by the protection of a well-oiled grievance procedure—far outweighs the minor wage gains a strike might bring. Frank Ibarrowed, 48, says he is lucky to have his \$20-an-hour job at Salsco Inc. in Hamilton, even though his work as the assistant supervisor of a coke oven puts him in close contact with toxic chemicals. The previous time as a union assistant would bring him only \$12 to \$13 an hour. "I don't think you give up a strike strike for a wage," says Ibarrowed, a member of the United Steelworkers of America. "You never make back the money that you lost, and it creates ill feeling." He is also clear that starting over, should he lose his job, would be devastating. "When I started years ago, I had a pretty long strike, dirty job and worked my way up. I wouldn't want to have to do that again."

At the top, however, the mood is more pessimistic. Jeff Borkin, chief economist at CBRC Work Group in Toronto, says years of slow wage growth, and continuing layoffs have put labor on the defensive, which "business sees as reasonably positive." Stagnant wages are particularly beneficial for manufacturers who export their goods. Borkin adds, noting that the boom in exports is responsible for much of the Canadian economy's recent surge of life.

So embattled is labor that even victories seem like mere rear-guard actions against the inevitable. The GM strike, for instance, was fought over the company's right to "outsourcing"—transferring

to a close. The beer at least in most cases, a likely to be labor. Although the company is showing signs of taking off after the first time since the late 1980s, unemployment hovers stubbornly at nearly 10 per cent. It does not help that business executives say a relatively ductile workforce is to elude their optimism about the future. Laws favoring labor have recently been eroded by the governments of Ontario, Manitoba and by Ontario itself. Perhaps most telling, the influence that organized labor now has with its traditional ally, the New Democratic Party, is declining. Any and all frustrated, some unions are abandoning the conciliatory approach they adopted during the last recession, and returning to hardball tactics like strikes and demonstrations.

The Canadian Auto Workers, for instance, suffered quietly with the automakers in 1992, but launched a damaging three-week strike against General Motors in October of this year that ended, by most measures, in a draw. Others, including the 300,000 members of the 16-year-old Canadian Federation of Labour, are looking for new, less confrontational ways to regulate contracts. And instead of viewing the NDP as the best route to power, some unions are building support, in some cases, for the NDP's opposition to the NDP's support in other circumstances, fighting bills like those that would cut church and social welfare programs. Underlying such efforts is the growing perception that the old ways are no longer working. In Ontario last year, the number of workdays lost to strikes was more than 1,300,000, compared with less than half a million the year before. Yet gains in wages and job security have been modest. "Unions are in crisis for a variety of reasons," says Frederick J. A. Macleod, a professor of industrial relations at Queen's University in Kingston. "But in some ways, that is a scandalous statement. They are getting more involved in social issues. Now they need to demonstrate that they are necessary—and not just an interest group."

Angry and frustrated, unions are playing hardball

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Despite the official optimism, Borkin believes labor is increasingly willing to see his government's point of view. "There are more and more trade union leaders talk about the need to co-operate rather than embark on policies of confrontation," he says. That is certainly true of Don Blich, a bus driver who recently ran, unsuccessfully, for the leadership of the Saskatchewan Federation of Labour. "Why would we want to be screaming and yelling on the legislative steps?" he asks. "It's not a way to win in the streets of the M.L.A.s and talking to those about the problems we have."

Some might say that co-operation stance amounts to little more than rolling over and playing dead. But in Ontario, at least, union claims to have been transformed by adopting a new, conciliatory approach to negotiation. Virtually every second year, from the late 1970s until 1990, the International Brotherhood of Electrical Workers walked off the job. Yet the spring 1991 strike against construction workers, says union leader John J. Pender, began Ontario's building boom collapsed in the early 1980s, electricians found themselves facing an unemployment rate of 50 to 60 per cent. Members were also weary of the strike cycle and wanted to try an other path, Pender says. Beginning in 1992, they began using a model that requires each party to put their best offer before an arbitrator who then makes the final choice.

While union have not been dramatic, the electricians have "managed to stop the blowback," says Pender. "They have now seen wage about one per cent a year, and government is now funded by the parties themselves, with no lawyers standing by. When bargaining time comes, both sides try to bring the process along by avoiding the pressure of the line fight, returning to small centres like Niagara on the Lake. Oct. '92 would know as before, but hardly recognize us," Pender says. They just might be onto something.

With DAVID L. MARRAS/STAFF in Toronto and DALE KESLER in Regina



Canadian employees in Vancouver's snapshot of the unions playing labor



Hargrove at breakfast last week: "You don't need a union to keep giving away your money"

CANADA

Buzz's lonely battle

The CAW president draws the line on Canadian

BY BRIAN BERGMAN

Buzz Hargrove sits down to a hearty working man's breakfast: extra-syrupy bacon, a couple of large sausages, home fries, whole-wheat toast and black coffee. Surrounded by towels of Howe Street suits, the busy Canadian Auto Workers president—dressed in black slacks, black turtleneck and a dark blazer—seems a little out of place as he begins an hour-long conversation in the wood-paneled coffee shop of the Hotel Vancouver, his headquarters during the eleven-hour negotiations on the fate of the beleaguered Canadian Airlines International. His New 37, the deadline day for getting all six airlines unions to sign on to a plan designed to keep the company's ailing creditors at bay, and Hargrove is under mounting pressure to fall low the example of other labor leaders in accepting a package that includes wage cuts for his members. Hargrove, though, is unmoved. "I learned a long while ago that you don't always win every fight," he says in the diffident lift of his native New Brunswick.

"But if you don't fight, you always lose."

Boasted by his recent success in wresting concessions from the Big Three auto manufacturers over the thirty-one day out-sourcing jobs, the 50-year-old Hargrove—battled since a fall—believes that time has come to draw a line in the sand on what he decries as the "corporate agenda" driving political and economic decision-making in the country. He especially bristles at the notion that, given the current climate of economic insecurity, workers should simply be grateful that they have jobs—and be willing to accept wage and benefit rollbacks in order to keep them. And while he diplomatically observes that, in the case of the Canadian Airlines negotiations, each of the unions had the right to formulate its own bargaining strategy, Hargrove cannot easily disguise his disdain for those who fail to appreciate his own hard-fought approach. "You don't need a union to keep giving your money away," he declares. "In every time a company comes to you and says, 'Boys, if you don't give us a pay cut by next week, we're gonna close 'er, and your union

aprons, period, of your union? Join the united association of sweethearts and poon can give away whatever you want."

Bold words, those. But by week's end, it became abundantly clear that, in this particular showdown, the CAW president was standing very much alone—and that, ultimately, with many of his members more concerned about their jobs than his principles, he might very well have to bend to his absolute opposition to wage concessions. After a flurry of around-the-clock negotiations involving Federal Transport Minister David Anderson and two provincial premiers, five of the six affected unions—representing all but 4,000 of Canadian Airlines' 16,400 employees—agreed to a restructuring plan that would save most of them accept pay cuts ranging from two to eight per cent. In exchange, the British Columbia, Alberta and federal governments offered up a total of \$88 million a year over a four-year period in fuel tax reductions. As well, the governments agreed to defer for up to 18 months another \$30 million in loan repayments owed to them by Canadian, which has piled up almost a \$40 million in losses since 1984—on sliding a \$40-million shortfall in the first nine months of the current fiscal year.

Starting this week, Canadian Airlines president Kevin Benson was to hold meetings with creditors to explain the details of the rescue package and to urge them to give him enough breathing room to keep the air-

line afloat. But according to Benson, and the rest of the participants in last week's talks, success hinged on bringing that beleaguered CAW, which represents Canadian Airlines' ticket agents, on board.

As a result, Hargrove was the focus of much sound and fury—a lot of it coming from his erstwhile labor allies. "What I want to know," said God Corrigan, a Vancouver-based senior secretary to flight operations and a member of one of the five unions that accepted the restructuring deal, "is if his entire membership goes down and is unemployed, is he willing to join the unemployment lines and live on the dole?" "As equally scathing assessment came from Peter Janovick, a Calgary-based reservations agent, CAW member, and opponent of a petition calling on Hargrove to let his members vote on the issue. Noting that the CAW has more than 200,000 members nationally, Janovick suggested that Hargrove was prepared to sacrifice his small Canadian Airlines contingent to a larger cause. "They don't want to set a precedent for such a small group of people to be going in," said Janovick. "That we will not be dictated to by a national agenda of 'no concessions' at the expense of standing on the unemployment line."

In many ways, last week's Benson negotiations, most of them in the meeting rooms and corridors of a Richmond, B.C., hotel, provided a handy snapshot of the fissures and tensions plaguing Canada's labor movement. A time when no one, it seems, takes a job for granted. The week began with Canadian still insisting that the company's

survival depended on saving \$70 million annually by cutting all employees' wages by 10 per cent. Hargrove, meanwhile, called on governments to invest \$100 million a year in the airline and to back away from deregulation measures that he said left Canadian vulnerable to predatory competition. The transport minister replied that deregulation of the industry was not on—and that the scale of Hargrove's proposed bailout was simply too rich for Ottawa's blood.

But Anderson, along with B.C. Premier Glen Clark and Alberta Premier Ralph Klein, proved more receptive to proposals hammered out by Benson and four of the

airline unions. They agreed that wage cuts, on a grandfather scale based on income, would provide half of the \$70 million in savings, with federal and provincial governments making up the other half. A fifth union, representing about 3,000 low-paid flight attendants, signed onto the deal late in the week after the promise of further funds from Clark's NDP government meant that no one earning less than \$25,000 would face pay cuts (the earlier cut-off was \$23,000).

In the end, the split in the union ranks boiled down to those who believed that governments would only intercede if workers agreed to share the pain—and those,

Showdown in Quebec

Mildly, well-organized, powerful—and the envy of some of their counterparts in the rest of Canada—Quebec's six major public-sector unions have, in the past, used their clout to devastating effect, and now promise to do so again in their fightback with a firm Quebecois government determined to eliminating the provincial deficit. Last week, they greeted Premier Lucien Bouchard's plan to trim \$1.4 billion from the province in 1997-1998 with direct withdrawal of the approach or face strike action. "They're leaving us no other choice but to play hardball," said Lorraine Pél, head of the main provincial teachers' federation, the Centre de l'Enseignement du Québec.

That pitch will be followed by another one this week, when the unions' 400,000 members are scheduled to hold strike votes. But some observers say that the outcome of the vote may be a foregone conclusion—thanks to the Bouchard government's aggressive march against corporate welfare with its provincial freeze-fixing initiative. Pierre Clément, head of the Quebec region of the Canadian Federation of Independent Business, warns the government will back down on its plan, and instead reduce tax credits to individual taxpayers and businesses in order to make up the revenue. Clément calls that option nothing more than "disguised tax increases" that will "slow down the economy—right now that's the worst thing you can do." Other observers also think the government may blink. Michel Girard, a professor of industrial relations at the Université du Québec à Montréal, notes that in mid-November the

PQ sent a message that "we can be moved if we are spoken" when, after weeks of noisy protests by students, it agreed not to raise university tuition fees for Quebecers.

The Bouchard government does not have to look far for an example of the unions' power. A similar labor dispute helped drive the PQ out of office in 1985 after it failed back public-sector wages by 20 per cent in 1983. Those cuts followed a generous pay increase reached by René Lévesque's chief negotiator, Bouchard himself. But the 1980 sovereignty referendum Bouchard was also the PQ's negotiator for wage concessions (this in 1982—when he knew that as that happened yesterday," says Robert Caron, the head of the Syndicat des Professeurs et de Professeures du Gouvernement du Québec, which represents 12,500 public-sector servants.

The government's current proposal calls for reducing the public service work week from 35 to 32 hours until June 1998. Time-honored pay would stay the same—because the government would lower workers' pension contributions, maintaining that the unions' \$8 billion pension reserve fund has a surplus. The unions say that the fund is sacrosanct, but also fear that, once the arrangement ends in 1998, wages will be affected that compared with public-sector unions elsewhere, notes Gene Swerman, a professor at Carleton University's school of public administration, Quebec's unions "seem to be in a position politically to apply more pressure." That has set the stage for the current showdown—one on which all bets are off.

BRENDA BRANKWELL in Montreal

CANADA

like Hargrove, who maintained that Ottawa and the provinces would act only if the unions held their feet to the fire. "We have forced everyone to move and the other unions are going to benefit from the challenge that we have put up," said the CAW leader. "If we had listened to the other unions and their advisers we would have spent up 10 per cent—well, that's everyone would have walked off their jobs as they say." Dave Ritchie, Canadian vice-president of the International Association of Machinists and Aerospace Workers, begs to differ. The politicians, he says, sent clear messages that without movement on wage cuts they were ready to abandon Canada. "My job is not to negotiate with a company to put them out of business," he added. "It is to go and do a job for our people in the way of business."

As those comments suggest, there were some striking differences in philosophy and style to play last week. Hargrove is very much of the old school, a self-styled defender of the working man who grew up in rural New Brunswick, the sixth of 10 children. After dropping out of high school in Grade 10, he held a series of menial jobs, before landing work at a Chrysler plant in Windsor, Ont., in 1964. He served as a union shop steward and slowly moved up the local and national ranks, culminating with his election as head of the CAW in 1992.

Hargrove has said that joining the union, and later the NDP, gave him an outlet for a life of frustration he had felt watching his parents struggle to provide for their



Clark (left) with Pearson accepting wage cuts in exchange for government help

large family. But his elation at seeing Bob Rae elected as Ontario's first NDP premier in 1990 proved short-lived; he was soon battling Rae's efforts to roll back civil service salaries through the so-called social contract. One of the most telling episodes, recounted in Rae's recently published memoirs, came when Rae put an advance copy of a Hargrove speech that accused the premier of adopting the corporate agenda. Calling Hargrove from his kitchen phone, Rae writes that he "let fly a string of four-letter words," not realizing that his daughter, nine-year-old Liza, was listening. "To this day," he adds, "she hangs out the phone, with a big grin saying 'Go Barack or Steve it!'"

Ironically, the two vocalized adversaries were again at loggerheads last week. Rae,

who was in Richmond as an adviser to the machinists' union, tentatively declined to comment to Maclean's on what he thought about Hargrove's negotiating stance. But he went on to say that "driving through life with your head on the horn is not an idea of creative leadership. The world around us is changing and if we don't fashion responses that are creative, flexible and demonstrate an understanding of the companies in which people are working, I think labor will be completely marginalized." In the struggle to avert an ailing strike, it was clear that another battle is also under way—one for the soul of Canada's labor movement.

With SCOTT STUBBS in Vancouver and MARY MCMETW in Calgary

Shut out in Ottawa

When Doug Young became federal human resources minister last January, he received a note from Canadian Labour Congress president Bob White. The message: let's talk. White never received a reply. In case the labor leader missed the point, there was Young's comment a month later, at the height of union demonstrations over changes to the Unemployment Insurance program. The minister, who has since taken charge of Defence, said he would "speak to letters sent if the CLC chief had a glass of wine and Young had been riding through the Sahara on a thirsty camel for three weeks."

Young's antipathy to unions is well-known. But his attitude speaks volumes about labor's declining influence in Ottawa. The low level of interest among Liberals in labor issues, some observers say, may also explain Ottawa's refusal to cave in to demands for a cash bailout for Canadian Airways International Ltd. "There is a startling lack of understanding within the government of the Canadian Airlines situation," says one high-ranking labor leader.

Not that the process began with the Christian Liberals. The Trudeau govern-

ment's wage and price controls of 1975 set labor and government at loggerheads. Relations between Ottawa and the union movement may initially have been better under the Tories—Brien-Guibert head Dennis McDermott enjoyed a personal friendship with Brian Mulroney. But things deteriorated with labor's battle against the Canada-U.S. Free Trade Agreement. Later Kim Campbell's short-lived government scrapped the labor department, folding it into the human resources ministry.

Since February, 1995, Canada has again had a federal labor minister: first Lucienne Robitaille, and, as of last January, Allison Agnew. But it remains a junior portfolio, and insiders say that Agnew's appointment was in large part due to Clinton's desire to reward the Liberal stalwart from Montreal, who previously held the lowly post of secretary of state. Agnew disputes that, and notes that "relations between the government and labor are back on the right track." But although labor leaders say relations are indeed better, they complain that they are merely "re-subsidized on major labor-related issues." "It just never happens," says Robert Baldwin, the CLC's director of social policy. Will things change? Labor leaders should not hold their breath.

JOHN DEMANT in Ottawa

White: no response from the minister

Writes hits.

Snorts hits.



CROCODILE SHOES

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series, stars Jimmy Nail as Jed—a Newcaude factory worker lured into the dark world of London's music industry by a burnt-out, coke-addicted record executive. Don't miss the complete story of Jed's rise from a gritty factory to the glitz of Nashville.

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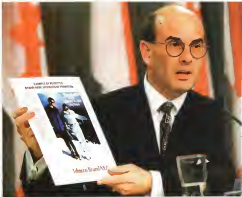
Trying to snuff out smoking

The health minister prepares to table tough legislation

Never mind the old holiday season. When it comes to the federal Liberals and their ongoing relationship with Canada's tobacco industry, winter is it better to give—and sometimes, to receive. In February, 1994, a defiant Prime Minister Jean Chrétien announced measures that included a cut-overall \$450-million cut in tobacco taxes. The aim was to stem a flourishing tobacco advertising industry and to provide support in the industrial heartland of Quebec. Premier Daniel Johnson, whose province was hardest hit by the ill effects. But that was then, less than four months after election. Now, with another federal election approaching, the Liberals are in a talking mood—while appealing to a broader constituency. This week, Health Minister David Dingwall will introduce legislation that will give the government back some of those taxes—and, more controversially, place tough new restrictions on cigarette advertising and the annual \$500-million business of tobacco sponsoring of cultural and sporting events.

Some parts of the package are, politically, low-risk. The \$3 billion Canadians who do not smoke are unlikely to complain over an increase in cigarette prices—as much as \$1.40 a carton may be. For that matter, even the estimated seven million Canadians "addicted," in Dingwall's words, to tobacco are already turned to the idea of high taxes—which account for up to 71 per cent of the price of cigarettes in some provinces. And who can complain about measures aimed at curbing teenage smoking, such as outlawing cigarette vending machines and requiring photo identification for cigarette purchases?

The legislation will also include an almost total ban on cigarette advertising, extending to television, radio, billboards and street kiosks. The one notable exception: publicists needn't worry as adults. But many such magazines, including *Men's*, have already said they will continue to refuse tobacco ads. Last week, both the Bloc Québécois and the Reform party said they would support the legislation. In fact, said



Dingwall facing most advertising and severely limiting tobacco company sponsorship

Reform MP Grant Hill, a physician, "I'll be advising my party that we fast-track it."

Those are not welcome words to organizations affected by the more controversial aspects of the legislation—the new restrictions on tobacco sponsorship of cultural, entertainment and sporting events. Dingwall's proposed measures fall short of the total ban on sponsorship that was widely expected. Instead, sponsoring tobacco companies may still have their name linked to an event. But any ads will be allowed to appear only the time and site of the event, and the company's name on the promotional material can take up no more than one-tenth of ad space.

That, some event organizers say, could directly affect smokers and non-smokers alike, as tobacco companies remove their expenses—and extensive—sponsorship efforts. At Quebec Place in Toronto, control manager Alan Beck said the impending legislation will likely mean the cancellation of the annual Symphony of the First Three Weeks exhibition. The event's \$5-million budget is entirely paid for by tobacco companies—while the organizers made a \$2-million profit last year.

"The bigger the event," said Beck, "the more this will hurt." Others note that the new policy comes at a time when government funding for cultural events is declining. "We are disappointed," said John McDonald, director of public affairs for Bellman, Benson & Blyden Inc. McElen said his company has been funded with sponsorship requests, especially "in the last few years of government cutbacks."

Sporting events will also be hit. The legislation will not force tennis's du Maurier Open or golf's Export a Skunk Game to change their names. But because it limits the companies' marketing exposure, it reduces the value of sponsorships. As a result, Imperial Tobacco must sell its \$1.5-million bidding for the du Maurier Championship senior golf championship, says Stephen Ross, executive director of the Royal Canadian Golf Association. That could have far-reaching implications—profits from such events underwrite amateur programs across the country. And Jean Wynne, tournament director of the du Maurier Open tennis championship in

Toronto, says that Imperial has been a loyal and generous sponsor. "In a perfect world, tobacco would not be the product to base as a sponsor," she said. "But this is not a perfect world."

Some critics argue that Dingwall's package does not go far enough. Rob Cunningham, a senior policy analyst with the Canadian Cancer Society, called the legislation "insufficient"—and expressed disappointment that the government did not completely ban tobacco advertising. Cunningham, whose recent book, *Smoke and Mirrors*, traced the story of the Canadian tobacco wars, added: "We think the government had more rules than they said." In fact, the left-leaning Liberals have lobbying from tobacco companies whose representatives included high-ranking Liberals. Longtime party strategist Senator Michael Kirby, for one, is a director of RJR-McDonald Inc. And Finance Minister Paul Martin was on the board of Montreal-based Transat—although his name must be kept a low profile during the debate. Meanwhile, some backbenchers say they face pressure from constituents concerned about the possible impact on sports and cultural events in their ridings.

In fact, stanching blocks remains—on spite of the opposition's support for the legislation. Dingwall's package is expected to respond to a Supreme Court decision 13 months ago that struck down Ottawa's ban on tobacco advertising. Industry officials have already indicated that they will launch another constitutional challenge to the new legislation on the grounds that it violates the right to freedom of speech. As a result, many of the more specific measures will likely come later, in the form of accompanying regulations that are harder to challenge. "The Supreme Court and the Constitution drove this package from the very beginning," said one Dingwall aide.

It may also take months before those regulations are ready, and some MPs from tobacco-producing regions in Ontario are expected to do their best to delay the process. That would be welcome, said one Chrétien aide, who added that "we are committed to getting this through." But until the bill is passed—or shelved—actions on both sides of the issue clearly have an intention of bottling out.

ANTHONY WILSON-SMITH
with JOHN DEMONT and LOUIE FISHER
in Ottawa and JAMES DEACON in Toronto

Anthony Wilson-Smith



Backstage Ottawa

Those swinging Grits

More than 30 years after he first entered politics, there remain few questions that Prime Minister Jean Chrétien has not heard, and even fewer that he cannot easily dismiss with a wave of the hand, a well-chosen malapropism, and frequent bursts of bawdy syntax. Chrétien, as he often says, does not like to talk about himself. That contributes to his reputation for modesty, and, conversely, allows him to avoid making specific commitments. What was his reaction earlier this year when asked the routine question what he hopes to be remembered for, Chrétien looked uncharacteristically non-placed when asked what he does not believe in "grand visions." Instead, he wants to be remembered as a leader who deals pragmatically with problems on a case-by-case basis.

Canadians clearly like that understated quality in their Prime Minister—as his popularity in polls indicates. Cynics suggest that the low-admiration level of a man who he is not—such as Preston Manning, Michel Gauthier and Brian Mulroney—than who he is, but that is unfair. Chrétien has mastered the skill of caring out a niche apart from his political enemies even as he borrows liberally from them. From Mulroney, the Liberals took free trade and the Goods and Services Tax. The Reform party deserves as small credit—or blame—for the government's toughest stance on crime, tighter laws on immigration and emphasis on deficit reduction. Even the Bloc Québécois has contributed to the government's agenda by forcing the conservative Liberals into decentralization in their desperate wish to defeat the Grits.

Perhaps Chrétien's greatest ability as a politician is his knack for finding the middle between two extremes—and staying towards it at the right time. For the last three years, the Liberals' preoccupation with deficit reduction was a made order by the fact that their most significant opposition in English Canada, the Reform party, wanted even deeper cuts. That allowed the

Liberals to present themselves to left-wing voters as the lesser of necessary evils. But privately, Liberal strategists have left for at least one month that the danger in the next election would come not from the right, but from the seemingly inoffensive left. The rationale was that in 1993, many potential supporters of the New Democratic Party moved to the Liberals because they wanted so desperately to beat the Tories. But, strategists recognized, those same voters would likely move back to the NDP if they decided that the Liberals were no more than modest Tories.

All of which leads to the reserved, kinder and more forgiving Liberal party that has taken root over the past half year. After the government chopped away at grants and subsidies in the first three budgets, \$87 million is now available as a loan to Bombardier in Montreal, along with a large, but still unspecified package for Canadian Airlines in the West. After the bowling-hall dollars given policy at the first two

aftermath matters, André Gauthier, who led trade and human rights, his successor Lloyd Axworthy, now talks about concern for human rights as a goal in itself. After trying Tories for planning to spend \$4.8 billion on helicopters in 1995, the Liberals will now spend \$900 on the same deal. And, under the party, led by the quiet and steady resources minister, Pierre Pettigrew, has discovered child poverty. Meanwhile, Chrétien, in a recent speech in Toronto, repeatedly emphasized the party's role as "defenders of social progress."

All this comes at a point when—surprise—recent polls show that the NDP has moved into a tie with the Liberals and the Tories. Meanwhile, Reform and the Bloc up over two years by lobbying and MPs' departures to worry about other parties, while the Tories don't even have enough members to mount their own media. Still, wonder the Prime Minister seldom worries about tough questions. With an election likely less than six months from now, his Liberals seem to have all the answers.

Spirit for the moment.



Canada NOTES

A BREAK FOR KIDS

Federal Human Resources Minister Pierre Pettigrew announced that the provinces are willing to work with Ottawa to create a national benefit plan to ease child poverty. The new system would combine the current federal child tax credit plan with provincial welfare payments for children. The details, however, still have to be worked out. About 1.4 million Canadian kids live below the poverty line.

GUNNING FOR DOLLARS

Keeping track of guns in Canada will cost more than the \$58 million over five years currently budgeted by Ottawa, Justice Minister Allan Rock said. The cost to Ottawa will rise because Alberta, Saskatchewan and Manitoba have warned Rock that they will not participate in the administration of the mandatory gun registry, which goes into effect in 1995—forcing Ottawa to spend more.

ONTARIO'S NON-BUDGET

Ontario Finance Minister Ernie Eves cancelled his fall timetable, opting instead to issue an economic statement in which he said the provincial deficit will fall below this year's \$6.2-billion target. Critics lambasted the Tories for their tacky party backpedaling, claiming the government is having trouble fulfilling its tax-cut promises while also trying to slash \$3 billion by the year 2000.

'NECESSARY FORCE'

Det. Rolf Plante testified at the Somalia inquiry that he was right to shoot and wound a fleeing Somali too quick for him to chase at the Canadian compound near Beirut in 1992. A second fleeing intruder was shot and killed moments later by another soldier. The shootings were later cheered by Canadian troops. "We were authorized to use necessary force," Plante testified.

FETAL JUSTICE

Berndt Drummond, 28, of Carleton Place, Ont., should not be charged with attempted murder for shooting her fetus in the head with a pellet gun, her lawyer Lawrence Greenpeace argued in court. Prosecuting a miscarriage is not a criminal offence, Greenpeace said, so Drummond's wounding of her fetus two days before giving birth is also not an offence.



Marrow, hunger striker, 'intervented in seeing that justice is done'

The military retreats

I took two hunger strikers within less than a year, but a diagnosed steel officer got what he wanted. Former submarine commander Dean Marrow learned last week that the navy will temporarily restore his rank to acting lieutenant-commander while his appeals his November, 1995, court-martial conviction. With that, Marrow, who according to his doctor was close to death, ended his 29-day hunger strike.

their influence on witnesses, and that same junior officers who testified against him were unwilling to meet his high standards. In an earlier bid to clear him, Marrow's supporters had refused a nine-year-old videotape of shenanigans aboard the destroyer frigate, which showed level behavior. They say the tape proves Marrow was convicted of acts that have been accepted practice.

WORTH A RISK

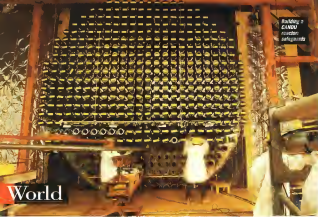
Alberta coughs up

Christmas seemed to have come early in Alberta. Either that or, as Premier Ralph Klein's critics charge, the Conservative are handing out goodies to ease the way towards a money injection. Proud as at the natives, Klein recently (Albertans happy to announce) that his government would immediately inject \$97 million into health-care services. The additional funds will mean the hiring of up to 1,000 nurses and other medical staff, and cut the time cardiac, cancer and transplant patients have to wait for surgery. "Our critics contend that we're handing out goodies too much and we're simply putting off the money back," Klein said. "We are not putting money back into the old system, because the old health-care system no longer exists." The government also confirmed it was on target for a \$1.7-billion budget surplus for 1996-1997, and that it would renege \$1.4 million in savings' health-care benefits.

A murky tale of murder

The murder is one of the most notorious in Canadian history—and last week it got more complicated. Duane Archie Johnson, the convicted killer of Helen Betty Osborne from The Pas, Man., broke 25 years of public silence. At an aboriginal healing conference at his prison in Mission, B.C., he told Osborne's family and native leaders that he had not killed Osborne in 1971, but instead had stood by as one of three other men beat the quiet, 19-year-old Cree woman to death for refusing to have sex. Osborne was already dead when she was raped and stabbed more than 30 times with a screwdriver, Johnson said. The family immediately called for the case to be reopened—and the RCMP dispatched an officer to question Johnson. "Obviously we have to go forward," said Osborne's sister Cecilia Osborne. "We can't stop here, that's not justice."

The Osborne murder is notorious for the troubling questions it raised about how natives are mistreated by the justice system, and for an apparent conspiracy of silence among residents in The Pas who knew more about the case than they admitted. Johnson was convicted of second-degree murder in 1987—34 years after the fact. He is now due for a parole hearing. Of the three other men involved, one was acquitted, one was not charged, and the third was granted immunity for testifying.



Building a CANDU nuclear infrastructure

World

China syndrome

Critics flail a \$4-billion Canadian nuclear deal

Call it the Great Wall of China. Two years ago, Prime Minister Jean Chretien led nine premiers and more than 400 business people on a mission to vastly expand trade with the world's most populous market. The results of the "Tianzi Canada" trip have been impressive: nearly 50 billion worth of confirmed deals involving Canadian banks, financial and legal services, and manufacturing ventures. Yet trade with what is also the world's largest totalitarian state is never free of controversy. Last week, Chretien was in China again to conclude the biggest single Canada-China deal ever: a \$4-billion contract for the construction of two CANDU 6 nuclear reactors to supply electricity to an industrial region south of Shanghai. Federal officials hailed the sale as a major step in building Canada's presence in China. But at home, the sale provoked an explosion of protests. Critics, it prevented the displaceable spectacle of Canada selling sensitive technology to a country known for its human rights violations and poor environmental record. At a time when China has launched a new crackdown on dissidents, declared Real Goldman, a professor of Chinese studies at the University of British Columbia, Ottawa "is sending our backsides to oblige China. I have never been so ashamed to be a Canadian." A coalition of environmental organizations threatened legal action. They were ignored at regulatory changes approved by the federal cabinet last month that exempt

the CANDU sale from Canadian environmental assessment. In Vancouver, the sale triggered brief violence as students demonstrated with protesters to prevent them from burning a Canadian flag near a statue commemorating the 1980 massacre of pro-democracy activists in Beijing. Other critics challenged the terms of a \$4-billion Ottawa-backed loan that helped the federally operated Atomic Energy of Canada Ltd. (AECL) swing the deal. Some also questioned the wisdom of making Canadian nuclear know-how and materials available to the at times belligerent Asian giant. "I don't think," said Roy Culpeter, president of the Ottawa-based North-South Institute, "that China necessarily is a country that can be trusted to keep its peace."

Despite the furor, the deal's signing ceremony in Shanghai was a high point in a week-long Asian trip by Chretien that began at a meeting of Pacific Rim leaders in Manila, Philippines, and concluded with a visit to Japan. The sale appeared to signal a new openness between Canada and China. After the ceremony, Premier Li Peng—known to his critics as "the butcher of Beijing" for his role in ordering the bloody 1989 crackdown—jointly Chretien in some uncharacteristic closeness at the opening of the new Shanghai offices of Canada's Microbial Financial Insurance company. While Chretien jokingly tried to place a ribbon on Li's head, he was rewarded with a friendly shoulder squeeze from Li.

Such scenes also demonstrate China's growing ability to get the

world to deal with it on Beijing's terms despite its repressive politics, exemplified by the still 11-year prison sentence imposed in October on political dissident Wang Chizhen because he did not use the term "human rights" during a meeting with Chinese President Jiang Zemin in Manila, preferring eddier references to "the rule of law." U.S. President Bill Clinton agreed to an exchange of state visits with Jiang, a long-sought plan for China, despite a lack of progress on other issues, including human rights, in their Manila sessions. And last week, South Africa returned old Israel Taiwan with an understanding that it would open negotiations to Beijing.

Ever if by the gradual opening of China's once-closed market and hospitalization of 1.2 billion, foreign governments and businesses are scrambling for a share of the action. "China is being courted," said Robin Hibbert, a Hong Kong-based think of New South vice-president. "And they're going to strike a very hard bargain, because if you aren't interested in a deal, there is another guy behind you who just as eager as you are."

For the CANDU sale, critics claimed, Ottawa was willing to reward Canadian environmental rule around offending China. Arguably, the deal was steeply coated by the federal cabinet on Nov 7 excepted it deals like the reactor sale from the stringent provisions of the Canadian Environmental Assessment Act, which require environmental im-



Chretien and Li at Shanghai signing a new closeness between Canada and China

part studies and public consultation for ecologically sensitive projects involving the federal government. Ottawa officials maintained that the new order simply clarified the law. "It was never our intention," International Trade Minister Art Eggen told *Maclean's*, "that the act would apply to projects carried out in other countries."

Opponents of the CANDU deal stuck to their guns, arguing that despite the regulatory change Ottawa is still legally obliged to carry out a review. In a letter to federalist *News*, Elizabeth May, executive director of the Ottawa-based Sierra Club of Canada, demanded that the government launch an environmental assessment of the China deal within 20 days or face a court challenge to the sale.

Ottawa officials brushed off the court case as unlikely to succeed, and rejected charges that China's past record of giving technical assistance to Pakistan, which is believed to be trying to develop nuclear weapons, makes it a poor security risk for the CANDUs. Ottawa insists that safeguards safeguards were in place, because the new CANDU 6s will be open in inspection by officials from the Vienna-based International Atomic Energy Agency. "We're fully confident," said a foreign affairs spokesman in Ottawa, "that our re-

clear trade with China will be for peaceful purposes only." Asked whether CANDU plutonium could be used for nuclear weapons, Zhang Jin Shuang, a senior official at China's five-factor embassy in Beijing, the Xinhua news agency, told *Maclean's*: "It won't happen. China is for global nuclear disarmament. It has always stopped all nuclear testing anyway."

Environmentalists also expressed concern over whether the Canadian reactors would be safely operated once they are up and running at Shanghai. About 120 km south of Shanghai, during the construction phase, AECL will be charged with training local Chinese reactor operators in Canada. But once the operational CANDUs are in Chinese hands—probably by 2003—Canada will have no say in how they are run. Federal officials insisted that there is no reason to doubt Chinese competence, since two French-built PWR reactors have been operating for two years at Daya Bay, 70 km northeast of Hong Kong, and a Chinese-built reactor is running at Qinshan "The Chinese," said AECL spokesman John Cohen, "have considerable experience." But local Chinese in Hong Kong have expressed fears about safety at Daya Bay. The Hong Kong government will test its emergency response plan this month, but support will not release results because "it may cause panic."

The sale brings to 12 the number of CANDUs sold overseas since the mid-1970s. That is a badly needed boost to the flagging fortunes of the AECL, which—like the reactor builders in other Western nations—has seen dramatic sales dry up in the wake of the disaster at Chernobyl in 1986, nuclear meltdowns at the Soviet Union's Chernobyl installation. Though Ottawa promotes the CANDU as the cleanest nuclear reactor in the world, environmental critics note that its efficiency and safety records have declined in recent years. After several catastrophic failures in the nuclear power complex in Pickering, Ont., the watchdog Atomic Energy Control Board of Canada now expects it to resume Pickering's operating license for only six months instead of the customary 20 years. "This inherently unsafe technology can be run only under conditions of intense public scrutiny," said Norm Rubin, a spokesman for the Toronto-based environmental organization Energy Probe. "Imagine trying to run it in a country like China where the public is not entitled to ask any questions at all."

Despite the CANDU export, Canadian firms are content to sit on looking for opportunities in China—and elsewhere among the free-industrializing nations of Southeast Asia. In a surprising development last week, Quebec officials said that Premier Lucien Bouchard planned to reverse the policy of his predecessor, Jacques Parizeau, and take part in a trade mission Chretien is scheduled to lead in South Korea, the Philippines and Thailand in January. The Quebec deputy premier is scheduled to lead in South Korea, the Philippines and Thailand in January. The Quebec deputy premier is scheduled to lead in South Korea, the Philippines and Thailand in January. The Quebec deputy premier is scheduled to lead in South Korea, the Philippines and Thailand in January.

Meanwhile, buoyed by their initial success, AECL officials are trying to persuade the Chinese to buy two more CANDUs. That may be an uphill battle—China prefers not to give too much business to a single supplier. And even more would only require the release of how the Chinese should be selling their technology in China at all. Michael Duke, a veteran China watcher at the University of British Columbia, does not buy the argument that economic sanctions by industrialized nations will increase pressure for reform inside China. "The Chinese dissidents want Western countries to continue trading with China," said Duke, "on the grounds that more trade will produce openness in the long run." That is clearly a view the Chretien government will cling to as a defense to controversial sale.

MARK NICHOLSON with REBECCA CHU in Toronto and CHRIS WOOD in Hong Kong

Relief is on the way

A new mission may air-drop aid to the refugees

The time of death for Ottawa's ambitious plans to lead a multilateral humanitarian force into eastern Zaire can probably be pegged with fair accuracy at 3 p.m. Kigali time on Nov. 19. That is when CNN's magazine correspondent, Christine Anagnostou, happened out of a van at Kigali's busy airport, brushed a sympathetic glance to a colleague waiting to interview the prospective mission commander, Canadian Lt.-Gen. Maurice Baril, and strode off to catch a plane out of Rwanda. She has not been back. Anagnostou's presence is one of the litmus tests of a story's importance—at least in Washington. Once the images of Rwanda's returning refugees became stale and Anagnostou was no longer keeping up her hourly dribble, for the international community to "do something" much of the emotional air went out of the crisis. With the bulk of the refugees home—most in better physical shape than predicted—the Clinton administration's ardor for sending ground troops to central Africa cooled. And so, too, went the diplomatic effort to organize a robust military force.

Instead, an impatient Prime Minister Jean Chrétien settled for what one Canadian diplomat last week called "Plan B Plus," establishing a mission headquarters at Lubumbashi in neighboring Zaire to prepare for the possibility of dropping food and relief

supplies from military transport planes over Zaire in the vicinity of the remaining refugees. More than 30 countries signed on to the mission, including subversive United States. "There is a lot of goodwill to air-drops. It's expensive and there's the question of whether you're feeling people responsible for the crisis in the first place," said the Canadian diplomat, who participated in meetings with Western allies and agreed that the American and British governments are "not enthusiastic" about deploying troops in the region at all. Gen. Baril had a firsthand look at the difficult terrain of eastern Zaire last week and acknowledged that

he would have preferred a "good old colony on the road." But to do nothing, says the official Canadian line, was the worst option.

Yet the promise of airdropping relief seemed to satisfy no one. Certainly not the Zairian government, which denounced the idea of overflights from neighboring countries as blatant air sabotage or insurrection that has hived off part of its territory. Nor the French government, the one big power with strategic interest in the region, which wants a tougher force to bolster the disintegrating regime of Zairian strongman Mobutu Sese Seko Nkondulou. Meanwhile, humanitarian relief agencies warned that the plan was expensive, inefficient, dangerous to people on the ground underneath the falling pellets, and possibly counterproductive in that the food might end up in the hands of the Itutu militia believed still to be holding many of the refugees hostage. Agreeing hardly, the American government reiterated its position that no troops are needed—or welcome.

All of that was acute encouragement for Canadian officials struggling to craft a mission in an ever-darkening twilight, and who were, to put it mildly, frustrated by the delays and the growing number of competing agendas. Advisers said that Chrétien, who followed events while travelling in Asia last week, "repeatedly expressed his exasperation to no uncertain terms." With the start-of-start-of-the-mission seemingly a "Go" again last week, Chrétien finally got action to match his words. But it remained in open question whether international responses at this stage will soothe or, in fact, prolong the region's agony.

BRUCE WALLACE is London with ANTHONY WILSON SMITH as Ottawa

'They thank us'

While military planners prepared for an international mission into Zaire last week, Canadian Ambassador Raymond Chrétien continued his shuttle diplomacy through Africa on behalf of the United Nations. Chrétien acknowledged that his effort to bring Zairian and Rwandan leaders together for talks would probably fail, and said he was "very, very worried about the aftermath" of any multinational relief effort, says London. He spoke to Macklean's ambassadorial chief Bruce Wallace from Pretoria following a Nov. 29 meeting with South African President Nelson Mandela.

Macklean's: With most refugees coming home on their own, why not call off the military mission?
Chrétien: That would be irresponsible and dangerous. Obviously, as soon as the refugees started to walk, the logic of the mission changed, and we've been struggling since then to adapt to developments on the ground. We might not take all the time the mandate allows—the deadline is the end of March—but I'm convinced that we will do some good in eastern Zaire.

Macklean's: What are the prospects for peace in the region?

Chrétien: I'm not very optimistic on the broader issues, but the reconciliation be-

tween tribes, slowing the flow of arms between countries, the future of Zaire, or the civil war in Burundi. These are big, big issues. But solutions lie with the leaders of the region, that's what they tell me and it's clear message. Their task is immense.

Macklean's: Did Canada really play a significant role in relieving the crisis?

Chrétien: Everywhere I've been, I'm told that Canada was the catalyst to unleash the potential of the international community. Whatever happens now, nobody can deny that. By acting Canada helped the partial return of the refugees to Rwanda. And everywhere, they thank us for that.



Chrétien settled



Baril in Zaire: a firsthand look at difficult terrain

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World NOTES

FRENCH TRUCKS ROLL

Truck drivers who had paralyzed France with a 12-day strike demanded roadblocks throughout the country as their unions reached agreement with employers on key issues. The strike stopped cross-Grounds ferry traffic to Britain for several days and led to gasoline rationing in France due to blockades at oil refineries.

RISKY MISSION

After delicate negotiations with a U.S. envoy, North Korea released an American missionary who was accused of spying for the United States and South Korea after he crossed the border from China. Evan Carl Hentzer, 26, who had been held by Pyongyang since August, said he had been drunk when he swam naked across the river border.

LEAVE SENTENCE IN FLORIDA

A retired U.S. Air Force sergeant received life in prison without parole for kidnapping to death a Canadian military officer. A jury in Panama City, Fla., had earlier convicted Ralph Groomington, 41, of killing his wife's lover, Maj. David Turpin, of Winnipeg, with a cleaver hammer in the neck. The judge rejected requests by the victim's family for a sentence of death in the electric chair.

BANNING EXTREMISTS

Algeria approved a new constitution that bans Muslim fundamentalists from seeking power. A key target of the ban on religious parties was the Islamic Salvation Front, which won the 1993 election but was stopped from taking office. A Muslim insurgency has since killed an estimated 60,000 people.

OIL FOR FOOD

After six years of the market, Iraq is expected to begin flowing again this month. Baghdad last week dropped objections to terms of a U.N. deal allowing it sales of \$2.6 billion in order to buy food and medicine. The pact does not end a 1990 trade embargo imposed when Iraq invaded Kuwait.

RUSSIAN PULLOUT

The last two Russian army units in Chechnya were due to begin leaving this week. Opponents accused President Boris Yeltsin of giving in to rebel demands for independence and unwillingly threatened to step back. Most fighting had stopped after a ceasefire took effect in August.



A masked protester in Belgrade shows shoes at a hotel TV building, daily demonstrations

SERBIAN ANGER:

Tens of thousands of demonstrators turned out for daily marches in Belgrade to protest against the government of Serbian President Slobodan Milosevic. The wave of protest led unrest began on Nov. 18 after the ruling Socialists annulled local elections in Belgrade and other cities where the opposition won. The government held new elections on Nov. 27 and claimed a Socialist victory, but the opposition boycotted them and said there was massive fraud. Up to 80,000 people turned out in the streets in the next two days. The local elections are seen as crucial to Milosevic in keeping his political machine running.

O.J. suffers some unkind cuts

After three days of withering cross-examination, O.J. Simpson ended his first stint on the witness stand as he had begun it—stubbornly denying that he had murdered his ex-wife, Nicole Brown Simpson, and her friend Ronald Goldman. But the former football star, testifying in a wrangled death suit brought against him by the victim's families in the wake of his acquittal on criminal charges last year, left some questions unanswered. Under family lawyer Daniel Petronio's rapid-fire attack, Simpson said he could not account for some of the cuts police found on his hands or for the blood in his Ford Bronco and at his estate. The lawyer, alternating between accusation and sarcasm,

suggested Simpson's hand injuries were caused during a death struggle by fingernails "ripping into your skin." But Simpson repeatedly insisted, as he has all along, that when the killings took place, outside his ex-wife's town house, he was at home three kilometers away.

The only real surprise came at the end of the third day, just before Judge Ildiko Fagaly adjourned the case for the U.S. Thanksgiving holiday. Simpson's lawyer, Robert Barker, had been expected to question his client in an effort to leave the jurors with scrawling positive to ponder. Instead, he said, "We do our whole questioning of him when we put on our case." That is likely to be true: the case ends in December.

Victory for the strongman of Belarus

Belarus President Alexander Lukashenko secured a triumphant victory over his opponents after winning a constitutional referendum that grants him near-dictatorial powers. The 43-year-old president moved quickly to dissolve parliament, which had tried to impeach him over the referendum, and set up a new, compliant body. He also slipped into low constitutional amendments extending his term by two years, to 2001, and gave him virtual control of all branches of government. An admirer of the defunct Soviet Union, Lukashenko is especially popular among rural Belarusians anxious to retain collective agriculture and other hallmarks of the Soviet system.

BY JENNIFER WELLS

Peter Munk is in Budapest, doing the ribbon-cutting thing on what happens to be the largest shopping centre in Eastern Europe, which happens to have been built by TracerHahn Corp., his multimillion-dollar real-estate company. While in Budapest, he received a fax requesting his attendance in Jakarta one week hence to discuss Barrick Gold Corp., his multimillion-dollar gold-mining company. So instead of heading home to Toronto, where he was due to attend a week-long fair for Barrick's semiretired Bob Smith, Munk took the company's Gulf stream jet and headed for Indonesia. Peter Munk is not the type to hop-to-it just anyone. But this, he knew, was big. Very big. It was not a case for investors.

On Nov. 14, Peter Munk left his presidential suite at the Jakarta Grand Hyatt and headed to the government offices of Ali Babas Sudjana, Indonesia's minister of mines and energy. Munk had in tow a Maritime Value, assistant to his Indonesian business, elder attorney of Indonesian President Suharto, as well as the son of one of Suharto's superministers, who happens to be Sudjana's boss. Munk's power team, supporting the stock corporate vision of Barrick, met not only Sudjana and various government types, but David Walsh, John Felderhauf and Roly Francisco representing the far-less-political vision of a Indonesian pop-rock mining outfit out of Calgary called Free-X Minerals Ltd. Free-X had started the Basing gold field in Kalimantan, the mysterious 40-million-acre wilderness that some predict will hit 100-million acres one day. Basing is the mine find of the century. Munk wanted it. Luckily for him, the Free-X boys have been cut



The inside story of Peter Munk's Indonesian gold coup

sent with no agreements. Discussions, which had initially been confidential, had become antithetical. On Nov. 22, Secretary General Umar Said extended a new deadline of Dec. 4. "I expect to hear only one word from you," he said. "Agreement."

This week, both companies will again go back at it in Jakarta. If Munk wins, he will have built, over a mere decade, the largest gold-mining house in the world, larger, even, than the South African last week. Buy Street dubbed Munk a "later-day Cecil Rhodes."

Munk has played his imperial hand beautifully. It was Christmas, 1986, when he purchased the Goldstrike Mine, sunk in the Caelin Thrust near Ellis, New Mexico said that Munk was, well, cracked. True, the Caelin Thrust was seen as a great gold prospect, but the thought that Munk, doing anything at all at Goldstrike, a site already worked over by a major American mining house, was far too rich for the propriety of gold analysts. Munk phoned John Tuzansky, a Wall Street heavy-weight, to convince him of Goldstrike's lustre, which, he said, contained 15-million ounces of gold. Munk's plan was to dig the biggest, deepest gold vein in the world, had ever seen. "Aqua regia," Munk called it. "Bunch of bullshit artists," said Tuzansky as he hung up.

Much of the tension among them, Munk's past: from the Clinton days, the television/bird eye-towrains that the Hungarian entrepreneur encountered with partner David Gilmore in the 1950s, which ended in 1971 leaving the government of Nova Scotia with something on the order of \$83 million in losses, and then the cultural company he keeps—Smith pieces, the Khadzang brothers, Toscani and Adrian. And given that Munk's most successful enterprise was hotel building on South Sea islands, in which the Khadzangs claim built a major stake, and given that he admittedly knew all about gold mining, that he did not draw early support was no surprise.

But Goldstrike was the mother lode that its name suggests, eventually producing two million ounces of low-cost gold annually. Barrick became the country's most profitable gold producer, and the cash flow led by Goldstrike in turn led Barrick's acquisition plans. In the fall of 1994 it took over the Minerals Ltd., a pursuit that took Munk six years. And last summer, Barrick acquired Aerquipa Resources, a promising prospect for which it paid \$1.1 billion because it knew what it saw in Aerquipa's Peruvian properties.

But it is Free-X that will deliver Munk's ambition, which he stated a scant year ago, to be the largest gold-mining house on the globe. Barrick sealed Free-X early. Before Free-X, even started drilling. Barrick probed Larry Kearns, and Paul Ravenshaw visited the site, and recommended to headquarters that Barrick do a deal with Free-X. A tentative agreement was struck that would have seen Barrick take control of the power company. When that fell apart, apparently over Barrick demanding changes to terms of the deal, it looked as though Munk had made a serious error. Free-X was confident it could make a deal elsewhere. There was Fluor-Design Inc. and Teck Corp., both of Vancouver, and there was Newmont Mining Corp. of Denver. Each was desperate to make Basing theirs.

But Munk had not missed the situation at all. He quietly started to play the game from the smart end, the Indonesian end, getting inside the politics of one of the world's richest, but greenest, regimes. Munk is not new to the region. Barrick has its hands on 22 offices across spread largely through Kalimantan and Irian Jaya, two of the country's provinces. Barrick's major operation in Indonesia is its service to its plantations, with plantations among others, handling their plantation efforts. Take International Pursuit Corp., run by Munk's old pal, and former corporate hire, Stephen Dalziel. International has more than 100,000 acres in Kalimantan carrying the Basing site.

Barrick's various Indonesian mining projects are currently waiting for the Contracts of Work, long-pending agreements. These so-called COWs are the crux of the Free-X saga. Of Walsh's inability to secure a COW for the job part of the Basing site, of Free-X's aggressive drilling of the site when it had a mere provisional licence at hand, of challenges laid to Free-X control by its Indonesian partner, billionaire Jack Merriah, of questions raised about the offshore corporate inside the Basing project in the first place. Yet Free-X has said repeatedly that it has not transgressed the letter of Indonesian mining law. In October, in a desperate effort to get the Indonesian outside, Walsh announced a deal with Sigih Hartono, eldest son of Suharto. Sigih was to get 30 per cent of Basing, and \$1 million a month in "consulting fees" for 40 months. It was what it was, a payoff. Under the terms for Mr. Munk, he pulled the wrong Suharto as the relatively powerful Sigih. But that the government would then step in to force its preferred resolution has been seen as an attempt to make an example of the personality mine-besetting Free-X. "It was like being caught sleeping with the virgin priestess," says one Buy Street observer, referring to the resonance with which the Indonesians had their various resources. "There he was referring to the Free-X man, 'had their government chopped off'."

The moves of Peter Munk have been positively strident-like by comparison. While Munk has never met Suharto, he struck a real deal last summer with Suharto's eldest and extremely powerful daughter, Sri Sultan Ratu Laila (Tutut). Munk has a gold-plated international advisory board, including former prime minister Brian Mulroney, former Bundesbank head Karl Otto Pöhl and former U.S. president George Bush to help him gain entry in various countries. That is what they are paid for. That is precisely what Mulroney delivered when Munk and Power Corp. a Paul Desmarais-led to pursue mining prospects in Ghana, a plan that was subsequently shelved.

The right Indonesian entry was found in Tutut. To Tutut's Citra Lankoro group, Barrick agreed to avoid all contractors for road construction, should it ever build a mine. At the time, none of Barrick's own interests were anywhere near such distant mining. Basing, in rugged, jungle-covered terrain, will need infrastructure work. And the Indonesians are desperately eager to get the mine, which will create two jobs for every one on the job. According to Koesna, an Indonesian weekly, Tutut herself met Sudjana in the course of the November meetings, apparently to discuss work contracts for

Munk is in his Toronto office, a sleek corporate vision

King of Gold

an acre of uneasy operators who seconded their advice, and so disgruntled others, that it appears Munk will get his way.

This meeting ran its course. Munk going his pro-Barrick way, Walsh, who only found out the day before that Barrick would be present, giving his pro-Free-X spiel. It was all a set piece, for at the end, Sudjana, resting from a prepared text, outlined the rough terms of what he wanted. Barrick, he said, would get 75 per cent of Basing, Free-X, 25 per cent. He gave the parties a deadline of Nov. 28 to reach an agreement on mine development. The next day, the parties met again, this time Bob Smith taking the lead for Barrick, supported by Gary Squire and Jamie Anderson of RBC Dominion Securities, Barrick's investment advisers. The Nov. 20 deadline came and

Some suggest that the fight for Busang is not over

Buzzing. The news that Barrick would be in control of the project broke in *Kontan* days before *Bre-X* issued its news release stating that "the Indonesian government is very concerned about the intended development of the Busang Gold Deposit" and that the Indonesians had "given preference to *Bre-X* to finalise a joint venture between *Bre-X* and Barrick Gold Corp. on the basis of 25 percent to *Bre-X* and 75 percent to Barrick." Bay Street noted the warning banner, but then, it had been written by the Indonesian government. In an reporting of the 7/2/93 night, the *Jakarta Post* said the battle pitted a Canadian company against an American one, wrongly assuming that Munk's empire was a U.S. gold colossus.

If he is successful in getting the same, the wealthy Canadian, Munk will have to wrestle with two larger issues. There is, first, Indonesia's request that the "parties should consider" handing over 10 per cent of the project, a piece that could be worth at least \$660 million. Last week, Bay Streeters were asking that they be preferred the agreed to money. Busang into government coffers over the Walsh plan of directly lining the pockets of a man (Suharto). But the two are inextricably tied. It is a mighty member of the House of Congresses, and Barrick can provide no details on how soon it will be paid, essential in determining just how different the two styles of payment precisely are.

Barrick also has to deal with the *Bre-X* shareholders, those who have struck it so rich in a place so far away. Five years ago, *Bre-X* was, literally, a 10-cent stock on the Alberta Stock Exchange looking for diamonds in the Northwest Territories. The stock has made millions for many, some of whom mortgaged their houses to buy it. Given that *Bre-X* has not released results of an exploration program



Inspecting core samples at the Busang site, the mine find of the century

for the past four months, investors have been left in the dark as to what their shares are worth, and what Barrick might pay for them. Most analysts believe that because *Bre-X* is widely held by institutional investors, including a number of large mutual funds, Munk will deal fairly with the shareholders. Institutional investors, however, are panicked. Gregory Chong, who says he and his family own about one per cent of *Bre-X*'s shares, circulated a letter to other shareholders on Friday, urging them to register their concerns by having farm letters to Barrick and *Bre-X*. But Barrick has no intention of taking out *Bre-X*. It simply gets to cherry pick Busang, for which it will likely take up all of the capital expenditures to bring the mine into production, estimated to cost a bare \$1.5 billion. How shareholders will be compensated, whether in the form of warrants, option a special share, cash, or a combination of those is not yet known. A U.S. class-action suit could result if they do not get satisfaction.

Some suggest that the fight for Busang is not over. Jean Anes, vice-president for investment in the Indonesian Consulate in Toronto, said his government will consider other bids to develop Busang right up until the Dec. 4 deadline. One contender, Placer Dome of Vancouver, says it had "high level" discussions with *Bre-X* about joining the Busang project just days before the Barrick announcement. "Thus," says Anes, choosing a sustained description of what has gone on in Jakarta, "is just a pure business deal."

Through it all, Munk has remained his sleek, reserved self. The night the *Bre-X* news came out, Munk and his second wife, Melbae, were doing the Christmas shopping at the Gardiner Museum of Contemporary Art in downtown Toronto. That very day, he had been making further real estate acquisitions for Tracer. He will soon be heading for Switzerland for his annual ski holiday, from which nothing can keep him. Not even Busang. By the time he gets there Peter Munk should know whether he is, after all, king of the hill.

With TOM FENNELL in Toronto

A 10-year conquest of the gold market

APRIL 23, 1983
Peter Munk's three-part takeover of Barrick Resources Corp. originally created to explore for gold, pays \$60 million for 50 per cent of Nevada's Goldstrike mine, North America's richest gold deposit.

JAN. 17, 1987
After Barrick pays \$150 million to acquire Pacific

Atlantic, which owns the sprawling 500-per-cent interest in the Goldstrike project.

NOV. 1, 1993
Five months after winning the Prime Minister's Office, Brian Mulroney joins Barrick's board of directors.

MARCH, 1994
American Barrick and Shell Resources Ltd.

a Toronto-based mining company, jointly buy the 60-tonne gold property on the southern tip of Baja from the Mexican government.

SEPT. 6, 1994
Barrick wins a bad-oung war against Royal Oak Minerals Inc. for Los Mochis gold producer with assets in Canada, the United States and

Chile. The price: \$1.9 billion.

JAN. 16, 1995
American Barrick Resources Corp. is awarded Barrick Gold Corp.

MAY 3, 1995
To assist Barrick's overseas expansion, Munk establishes an international advisory board. Its members now include former U.S. president George

Bush and Paul Desmarais, Sr., past chairman of Power Corp.

DEC. 1, 1995
Barrick Gold acquires a 40-per-cent interest in the High Desert Minerals Resources Nevada Inc. gold property.

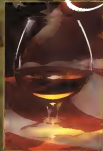
AUG. 27, 1996
Munk's company pays \$1.1 billion to acquire 50 per cent of Annapolis Resources Ltd., a

Vancouver company that controls an open-pit gold mine and exploration properties in Peru.

NOV. 28, 1996
Barrick with the support of the Indonesian government, confirms that it is negotiating to acquire a majority interest in that country's Busang gold deposit, believed to be one of the largest gold finds ever.

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Prince Charles in Ludwig Munk: major investments

An empire above ground

BY NOMI MORRIS

COVER

has already hammered its stake in the earth.

TrizecHahn, says Munk, wants to do in real estate what Barick did in gold.

In 1996, the company is spending \$743 million on underleased office space in key U.S. centers, including Manhattan. First, it bought Houston's Allen Center, which includes three office towers of 24 to 30 stories, for \$338 million. In the coming weeks, it will acquire deals in Atlanta, Columbia, S.C., and New York City—where \$334 million in purchases near Times Square will make Munk the largest Canadian investor since the heyday of the Reichmanas and Robert Caspary. The company has also just opened a \$223-million retail mall in Denver, and is opening another one in the same city.

Since September, when Harsbush Corp. announced its merger with the real estate giant Trizec Corp.—which Munk bought from Toronto's Breckenridge family in 1994—its share price has risen to \$20 from \$18.23. In Peter Munk's words, the ownership wiped out the "two fatal flaws" in his own-making endeavors. He had a well-known real estate company with no cash, and a high-risk holding company with lots. He is also looking to sell the company's 49 percent interest in Clark USA Inc.—an oil company that Munk saved from bankruptcy in 1988—in order for TrizecHahn to focus on the real estate.

TrizecHahn Europe (formerly Harsbush Properties GmbH) accounts for only \$54 million of the company's overall \$81-billion portfolio, primarily in the United States. But the 1980 fall of the Berlin Wall captured Munk's imagination, and the Gushings' project spawned an interest in real estate, which he has since identified as his key area for future growth. "We believe that the investment climate and the potential which exists here is unparalleled anywhere in the world," Munk said at a reception on the stone patio of the Gushings' estate that sunny after-

noon five years ago. Munk hailed Eastern Germany—a underdeveloped, but backed by the powerful West German banking system—as the ideal entry point to emerging central European markets.

At first, Munk wanted to get in as a high-profile project in the core of Berlin, but he was thwarted by the local real estate establishment and governmental bureaucracy. He settled for a piece of farmland on the city's edge, calling it Strassenburg Park. There were talk of shops, restaurants and a 600-room hotel. Already Mercedes-Benz and BMW had announced plans to build new plants nearby. And European businesses were becoming increasingly frustrated by the high price and poor quality of eastern Berlin office space.

But history did not unfold according to Munk's plan. The German economy slowed down and the government delayed its move from Bonn to Berlin until the end of the decade. Thus there were the neo-Nazis, whose firebrands at refugee

by far beyond the \$60 million that Harsbush has invested to date in Gushings. In September, Prince Charles—who regularly sits with Peter Munk in Switzerland—joined Silberstein at the launch of a retail factory outlet in neighboring Ludwigsfelde. Last month, Munk went to his native Budapest to open an \$308-million shopping mall called Polus Center, a joint venture with a Hungarian company that may be the model for a 25-year expansion in central Europe. Three more factory outlets are under construction in Slovakia, Slovenia and Ukraine. And TrizecHahn is looking into a major urban regeneration scheme in Prague, Poland. Slovakia and Ukraine are also on the list.

Meanwhile, TrizecHahn has opened an office in Hong Kong and expects to open retail malls and office space in Southeast Asia within a few months. Taiwan, the Philippines and Thailand are the targets, says Gregory Williams, TrizecHahn's president. Eventually, consumers in Chile, Peru and Argentina—where Barick has mining operations—will need new retail malls and office space. "Having looked at the company, it became increasingly clear that it is difficult to expand much more in the United States," Silberstein says of the strategy. "The United States is heavily saturated out that we can export our skills."

Not that TrizecHahn has given up on the United States. It is already the country's second-largest developer, with 32 malls and 39 office properties. Its retail mall division (TrizecHahn Centers) in San Diego is adding to existing malls by developing entertainment at complexes. The Chicago-based office division is buying up commercial real estate properties that are about three quarters occupied, with a view to reselling them out fully and then selling. Williams says the goal is a 28 percent profit on each property.

Williams adds that Harsbush's Berlin experience has taught the company some hard lessons in overseas property development. A key element of the new global vision is to work through joint ventures. "We need the know-how of a local partner," he says. "We have an expert in real estate but need people on the ground to get through the entitlements process." Another part of the strategy is to exploit the connections Barick has already formed abroad. The result, Williams says, is that when Peter Munk enters an emerging market he brings a massive plant in, to local estate developers—often getting the one out of the ground to getting the others into the stores.

When Harsbush first went into Eastern Germany's rapidly developing economy, it provided grants for Gushings residents to upgrade up the exterior of their houses. The executives wanted the area to show well to potential clients. The locals were happy for the handout. Today, there are 30 commercial buildings covering nearly a third of the site. There is a McDonald's, a Jiffy Lube and a Ford Europe has signed on, expecting to start construction of a new office complex in the spring. Ten kilometers north, Canadian developer Robert Caspary is building several hundred housing units. It may be taking longer than Munk foresaw for Berlin's suburban boom. But now word is it is now a real estate for the long haul. □

Munk bought Trizec to do in real estate what Barick did in gold



TrizecHahn assets in (clockwise, from above) Calgary, San Diego, Dallas, and Denver



hosts made some foreign investors retreat. The result was that corporate bond offers stayed away in droves and Berlin property prices fell. "We had problems with everything," admits Benjamin Seiwage, a former Brazilian lobbyist whose Munk brought in to run the German operation.

Aggravated, Munk decided that Seiwage, who had not actually moved to Berlin and spoke no German, was one of those problems. In 1992, Munk fired Seiwage, who turned around and used his own wealth to buy back and lost income due to breach of contract. The two eventually settled out of court. Seiwage is now CEO of Sauer Industries Inc., a Toronto-based real estate company.

Adding further to his corporate misadventure, Munk then recruited former Canadian chairman Karl Otto Rold to Harsbush's board of directors. Around the same time, Munk recruited Jacob Berger, a German-Canadian living in Vancouver to replace Seiwage. Berger moved to Berlin, but before he finally could join him, he, too, was gone. In June, 1993, Peter Silberstein, a London investment banker who had been the No. 2 man in Berlin, took the helm. That year, Silberstein managed to sign Coca-Cola to Brandenburg Park. But Coca has yet to commence construction and Silberstein is now negotiating with the beverage giant to revive its plans. "Brandenburg Park has taken longer than we hoped," Silberstein said last week in an interview from London. "The last 12 to 15 months have been much slower than we hoped. Growth has slowed right down in Germany and there is a general lack of confidence."

Then came the New Trizec that made official the new international powerhouse of TrizecHahn: The European division is going



The Berlin Business Park: a slow sell

GIBSON'S FINEST 12 YEAR OLD



Former prime minister Brian Mulroney and Peter Munk at Barrick starobolivia meeting last year; the company is going for the gold in Indonesia

that he was already assuming Korean-made Hyundai vehicles at a plant outside Jakarta.

The latest round of competition pitted Suharto's eldest daughter, Siti Hartidjati Indonusa (Tutut), 40, against his oldest son, Sigit Harjopriatno, 45, over a stake in the lucrative Bussang gold deposit controlled by Canada's Barrick-X Minerals Ltd. Tutut appears to have won a power moment concession for her partner, Toronto-based Barrick Gold Corp., because she has developed more political clout than her siblings. She is a member of the House of Representatives, the upper house of parliament, which meets once every five years in a five-year term. Jakarta-based diplomats say her ascent comes up in any serious discussion of who will succeed her father as president because she is known to have the support of Army Chief Gen. Hartono.

Tutut's Jakarta-based company, Citra Marsa Nusantara Perdana, builds toll roads on government contracts that did not come up for open bids. With Ministry of Trade and Industry Deputy Ambassador sitting on its board of commissioners (giving him a post equivalent to corporate vice president), the company reported sales of \$882 million in 2005. According to the conservative estimates of the Indonesian Business Data Centre, Tutut controls \$150 million in assets. Recent toll bills approved by the government raised the company's 2006 profit forecast by 17 percent, according to Lipas Securities, an Indonesian brokerage firm.

It has usually been easy for well-connected investors to have their way in Indonesia. Most international surveys of corruption put the country at or near the top. Indonesian civil servants are so poorly paid that department heads are prosecuted for their ability to raise "special funds," which are then shared with co-workers. This year, the usually stout World Bank issued a thinly veiled rebuke in its annual report on Indonesia: "Economic growth that overly favors one group, especially if their gains do not come transparently or competitively, also is more likely to be considered low-quality growth."

To succeed in Indonesia, the first thing investors look for is powerful local partners—family members or close friends of the Suharto family. They might not keep office hours, but without their involvement in a deal, appointments with government officials never

happen. So, a prominent banker and commodities trader in Jakarta's disclosure laws are so lax that articles of association do not necessarily identify the controlling shareholder, says Christopher Whelan, director of the Indonesian Business Data Centre.

On rare occasions, Suharto steps in to prevent disaster. In July 1995, Tutut and Bambang quietly withdrew from aggressive negotiations to take a cut of five government contracts that were awarded to France Telecom, U.S. West Communications Group, Nippon Telegraph & Telephone and several other multinationals to wire the archipelago with new phone lines. Industry sources say it had become obvious that the multinationals would have walked away from the \$3.8-billion deal in protest had they been forced to take the Suharto's share.

None of these problems has shaken the faith of investors in the country's small but fast-growing stock exchange, which is capitalised at less than \$120 billion. Reflecting the optimistic mood, shares in Indonesia's largest state bank, Bank Negara Indonesia 1946 (named after the year it was founded) soared 50 percent on the first day of trading last week. New, other Indonesian bank stocks

rise 20 percent in the week before the Bank Negara listing.

The message came in loud and clear: investors are willing to overlook the fact that the Suhartos remain at its center. The general expectation is that the old man is going to die in a few months, predicts a foreign stockbroker in Jakarta. "When Suharto dies, as an investor you will lose 25 to 30 percent of your money. But the market will rebound when it turns out there's not going to be a civil war."

Even after the succession, the way business is done in Indonesia is not likely to change. "There is a strong tendency toward a highly centralized and personalized decision-making in both politics and the economy," says Rini Kandi, an Indonesian economist who runs Kandi Advisory Group, a Jakarta consultancy. The only question is who Suharto will nominate as his successor—in a time that appears auspicious for the time being, since analysts say the president intends to seek a sixth consecutive five-year term in 1998.

MICHAEL SHAMIR is in Jakarta



WHEN ONLY THE FINEST WILL DO

ed to drift apart as early as 1993, when Bambang Trihatmodjo, 42, launched a digital cellular phone network with Deutsche Telekom. The German telecommunications giant The new enterprise lured subscribers away from a competing analog network run by his younger brother Hutomo Mandan Pratomo (Gumay), 34, in partnership with Philadelphia-based Bell Atlantic. In February, Tommy won a mandate under Indonesia's "taxi card" program to import Korean-made Kia vehicles duty free for sale at half the price of a competing Toyota Corolla. But Bambang's request for the same duty-free privilege was turned down, despite the fact



Peter C. Newman

Peter Munk: a dreamer who became a king

A few years ago, after one of my *Maclean's* columns revealed that Peter Munk had acquired a key piece of real estate on the strategic Ring, the superhighway that encircles Berlin, and was about to build Europe's largest industrial park there, he phoned me with a letter complaint.

This was just after the great British man real estate meltdowns, and in a front-page *Financial Times* feature, the paper had accused Munk of becoming a con man, just like the British swindlers, by throwing up buildings that would become his monuments. More seriously to Munk, the *Times* complained he was moving into real estate even though it was an industry he knew nothing about.

Munk, whose Barrick Gold Corp. then owned the world's most profitable gold mine—Goldstrike in Nevada's Carlin Trend—was furious. "God damn journalists," he told me. "Did you see that? They're writing that I don't know anything about real estate. Hell, I don't know anything about gold either."

Despite the indisputable fact that, with last week's pending acquisition of the Fire-X property in Indiana, Munk will become owner of the world's largest gold operation, he has never really felt or behaved as if he were in the gold business. Unlike most gold bugs who breathe and dream about the stuff, he is supremely uninterested in the day-to-day fluctuations in gold prices and doesn't even wear a gold ring.

Nor is he particularly taken up with real estate, even though a few years after our conversation about Berlin, he acquired Trizec, which with its 55 million square feet of prime North American holdings is one of the world's largest property developers. (He bought control of the firm in 1994 for \$820 million from the Brooklyn boys who had run it into the ground, and has since made it profitable. Trizec's assets are now worth \$4.6 billion, and since it began trading as Norel 1 as TrizecHill, its stock has gone from \$18 to \$27 last week.)

If, with that track record, Munk doesn't feel that he's either an upstart or an estate, what business is he in?

Peter Munk is in the business business. Munk's personality is exactly the opposite of Donald Trump's—he is introverted, moody and unselfish, something of a dreamer in the land of hard sell. Yet there is one similarity: Both men are obsessed with the art of the deal. Unlike most successful tycoons, the 60-year-old Munk has never stuck to one line of work. He made and lost his first fortune in Canada, the Canadian company that led the world in sophisticated home stereo sets in the 1960s before it collapsed, then went on to earn the seed capital for his mineral ventures by running a chain of hotels in the South Pacific. In 1984, he took over GeoGold, a gold mine that had a tiny producing shaft 13 km west of Val d'Or in northern Quebec. Munk paid very little for the mine, but was saddled with the

\$900-million debt Canada's former proprietors owed the Royal Bank. The Royal gave him only a year to repay what then seemed like an enormous amount. How Munk raised these funds from virtually a standing start may well have been his greatest achievement. Even though Canada was insolvent at the time, its stock was listed on the Toronto Stock Exchange at \$2.75. By persuading 50 Canadian investors to pay \$2.10 each for 14.2 million Canada shares, which they could have bought for 25 cents less on the open market, he closed the deal. Even in retrospect, that seems the most questionable of bargains, but those investors have exhibited blind faith in Munk. And he has never let them down.

Along with Canada's modest cash flow, Munk obtained the services of three key executives, mine manager Bob Smith, and geologists Brian Mickle and Alan H.L. Mickle.

Three years ago, but Smith, a compact, muscular hard-rock miner who grew up in Haleybury, Ont., has been president of Barrick since 1985. He is the rising genius of the outfit and is kind of going over for Barrick's success to his two invisible women, Mother Nature and Lady Luck.

The key to Munk's success has been the faith he inspires in international bankers and among his shareholders. At his company's most meetings, he sometimes stands, like a pope expecting worship. His off-the-cuff speeches tend to contain more eloquent generalizations than corporate buzzwords. These definitely are sometimes vaguely supernatural in the astonishing bond with his shareholders. Not there in at the same time a wide streak of confidence and dogmatism about the mine. "We've become the most valuable and most profitable gold company in the world," he told me after taking over Lac Minerals in 1994.

Then, as though we were sharing some great secret, he winked and added: "No, just 100 millionaires waiting to punch myself."

Munk is lucky, but he also has a sixth sense about timing, moving in on his corporate guru—Goldstrike, Lac, Fire-X—with the right timing and precision of a skilled swordsman, knowing precisely when to feign and when to thrust.

What separates Munk from the usual run of successful tycoons is his humility combined with a touch of humility. "Whenever we complete a large deal," he once told me, "I always tell my executives not to get too euphoric. I remind them not to get caught up in the deal itself or bubble. I keep reminding my people—and I make them repeat it back to me, so I'm sure they've got it—that we're still the same human beings we were 10 years ago, when we were still going. Balance checks may change, but people don't. We'll never get too big for our britches."

Maybe not. But a decade later, Peter Munk is playing his fiscal magic with grace and good humor, an entrepreneur firmly in command of his world.



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Personal Finance

Borrowing without a paycheque

Jan and Daniela Savels broke through the barbed wire of Communist Czechoslovakia in 1982 and eventually found the freedom they were hungering for in Canada. Arriving 15 years ago with \$1,100 in savings, the Calgary couple worked hard to build a comfortable life for themselves and their young daughter. Jan is a successful freelance artist, and Daniela has spent most of her career as a self-employed figure-skating coach. Still, their entrepreneurial abilities did not seem to count for much last year when they applied for a \$3,000 loan from the Canadian Imperial Bank of Commerce, the same bank they had dealt with for 13 years. All they wanted was a computer. What they got was an eye-opening raft of paperwork. A local loans officer mailed the Savels to produce two years of tax returns, and then issued an interviewing both of them about their work prospects. Fed up, the couple did not bother to wait for an answer. "The procedure was so horrible that we said, 'Let's just forget it,'" recalls Daniela.

Self-employed Canadians and small-business owners are intimately familiar with the frustrations of trying to pay money from the banks for their enterprises. But financial institutions are often no more generous when it comes to personal loans and mortgages, despite the fact that self-employed workers and temporary employees are the fastest growing segments of the labor force. Since 1985, the ranks of the self-employed have swelled 32 per cent to about 2.1 million, according to Statistics Canada. The number of women employed on a temporary basis, meanwhile, increased 21 per cent to 970,000 between 1989 and 1994, says the Canadian Council on Social Development, an Ottawa-based think tank. And a recent survey of 850 Canadians by the Angus Reid Group found that 18 per cent of those with jobs expected to be self-employed within a year.

Banks, however, have been slow to adapt to the new reality. While plans for personal loans or mortgages



Savels and skater on the ice in Calgary, a raft of paperwork

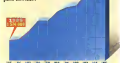
are not rejected outright, the applicant often faces an exhausting paper chase—even for relatively small amounts of money. Requests for extensive interviews, letters of reference, and financial documents going back two or three years are not uncommon. "The paperwork is just killing," says Daniela.

Getting the loan approved is only half the battle. When it comes to the onerous rigors of negotiating the interest rate, usual co-signature and contract, employees typically have far less bargaining power than people with already full-time paychecks.

Paul Fornal's bankers were drunk with him when the self-employed travel agent from Moncton, N.B., applied for an \$18,000 mortgage last August on his cottage. Even if the loan were approved, a loans officer told him, he would be charged an extra one per cent because of the perceived higher risk. Fornal was turned down anyway, first by a credit union he had patronized for seven years, and then by the Toronto-Dominion Bank. The bank of Nova Scotia finally came through with the money, but Fornal has taken a teaching job with a local business college to avoid future financial hassles. The experience "scared me," he admits. "As soon as you're self-employed, you get out of all." Sandra Stewart says he has heard the cries of anguish, and wants to make borrowing easier for entrepreneurs of every stripe. "We're overhauling the way we lend," says Stewart, the TD Bank's senior vice-

ON THEIR OWN

The number of self-employed Canadians has grown steadily over the past decade.



SOURCE: STATISTICS CANADA

* As of October 31, 1996, Fidelity Investments managed over \$225 billion worldwide. True North Fund has a simplified prospectus, which contains important information. Please obtain a copy, read it carefully and consult your advisor before investing. There is no assurance that any fund will achieve its investment objective. Past asset value, yield and investment return will fluctuate with market conditions. Investors may experience a loss or gain when selling their units.

PERSONAL FINANCE

president of personal lending. "We're trying to adjust to the new economy." To show branch staff, the bank is hiring regional specialists who are trained in lending to entrepreneurs, and is introducing a scoring system to make loan decisions more straightforward. CIBC is also trying to streamline its process for small loans, and is training staff to better understand the needs of small business, says Neil Gardon, director of small business lending.

Still, no matter what changes are made, banks will always be concerned first with the borrower's ability to pay. Stewart says. He adds, however, that the same criteria used to decide a \$200,000 mortgage should not apply to a \$20,000 loan. For loans under \$10,000, he says, the key should be the applicant's credit history, not the source of income. At the TD Bank, though, individual loan officers have the final say. "Unfortunately," says Stewart, "when you have 600 branches, you're going to have 600 interpretations of policy and you're going to have differences in the way people are scored."

Canada Trust has opted for a more uniform approach, says Kathy Tremblay, the company's manager of consumer loans. Last year, the London, Ont.-based company introduced an automated scoring system for personal loans. Canada Trust officers simply type in key information into a computer program and the machine spits back an answer. Customers often find out within minutes whether they will get the money. Tremblay says the system puts more weight on a person's credit history. But Canada Trust still uses self-employed clients for three years of income has returns or financial statements. Whether the loan officer underwrites with those documents is another matter, says Kevin Milne, the president of the Home Office and Small Business Club, a 33,000-member organization that offers discounts on small-business services. In some cases, front-line staff don't know how to interpret financial statements, so they reject the application. But most financial institutions are making progress, he contends. With demand for loans weaker now than during the 1980s, and governments pushing for more aid to small business, Milne says lenders are slowly loosening their purse strings. It's an encouraging development for entrepreneurs such as Jan and David Sank. One of these days, they might be able to buy that computer after all.

JOHN SCHOFIELD



Canada: the best of the World Wide Web

On-line assistance

Canada's top five personal finance Web sites, as chosen by First Call, co-author of Canadian Money Management Online:

The Fund Library
(<http://www.fundlib.com>)

Offers regularly updated mutual fund newsletters, performance data and a directory of financial advisers. One of the most useful features is a personal fund monitor that allows visitors to check their own funds' performance at a glance.

NLS Online
(<http://www.nls.com>)

A rapidly expanding catalogue of real-estate listings from selected communities across Canada. Properties can be searched by price, location, type of house and features such as "access view."

RetireWeb
(<http://www.retireweb.com>)

A handy source of retirement planning information. The site includes a variety of calculators useful for determining how much money needs to be saved each year to reach his or her retirement goal, whether it's better to make a lump-sum mortgage payment or put the money into an RRSP; and so on.

Montreal Stock Exchange
(<http://www.cse.com>)

Includes a "Virtual floor" with information on stocks, options and futures contracts. Surprisingly, the Toronto Stock Exchange has yet to introduce a similar service.

Financial Post
(<http://www.financialpost.com>)

As well as offering a wide range of articles from the newspaper's archives, the site includes real estate and mutual fund pointers and lists comparing everything from mortgages to credit cards.

Money Talks

A second look at GICs

Recent returns on guaranteed investment certificates may seem low but are actually better than in the 1970s and 1980s, Royal Bank economist Nicholas Charnes says. Adjusted for inflation and taxes, the average annual return on a five-year GIC in the 1970s was -3.13 per cent, improving to -0.89 per cent in the 1980s. So far this decade, the average return has been 1.21 per cent. The figures are based on a 50-per-cent marginal tax rate.

Holding the purse strings

Regardless of their marital status, 80 per cent of women eventually end up managing their own money, say the authors of *Women on the Money*, a new financial guide. The book notes that women earn an average of 28 per cent less than men and they live longer, making sound financial planning essential.

Long-term RRSP loans

The Bank of Nova Scotia has introduced a new loan program to help investors maximize their RRSP contributions. Customers who want to take advantage of unused contribution room from previous tax years can borrow up to \$50,000 at the prime rate, with payments spread over as many as 10 years. Previously, RRSP loans were limited to one- or two-year terms and lower lending caps.



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Ross Laver



The real estate scare

You've got to hand it to David Foot. The University of Toronto economist and demographer has taken a dry academic speciality—the study of human populations—and spun it into one of the best-selling Canadian books of 1996, *Boon, Bust & Echo*. In it, he predicts that the aging of the baby boom generation will dramatically reshape Cana-

Based on that rather simplistic assertion, Faust and his co-author, Daniel Stokman, sound a dire warning for the residential sector.

By the David
the sup
homes
deman
prices

Scary as it is, Foot's assumptions are correct, young people who are now getting ready to purchase their first homes are taking one heck of a gamble, even when that mortgage rate is at a 30-year low. What's more, those on the leading edge of the baby boom should be aware that the "under 30s" buying their homes will have the most low rates in a location that is not as hot as the one that the baby boomers are again. Otherwise, there's a danger that they will be caught out when prices crater around the year 2030.

Fortunately for both those groups, there are plenty of reasons to question Foot's alarmist conclusions. It's true that the changing age structure of the population in Durango's house prices, but so is a plethora of other variables: the business cycle, interest rates, changes in personal disposable income, the availability of land for new houses, local, state and federal tax policies.

is Frank Clayton, president of Scarborough, Ont.-based Clayton Research Associates and one of the country's leading real estate consultants. At a conference last week in Toronto organized by *Marketing* magazine, he assailed Fox's analysis as "unfounded and dangerous," adding that it confuses a slowdown in the growth rate of demand for housing with a decline in total demand.

"We been on panels with David and I'm impressed by a lot of his work," Clayton said in a subsequent interview. "But with housing, there are always two things to consider: structural factors, which include population changes, and cultural factors."

ear 2010, foot says, particularly the strength of the local economy. To suggest that two-thirds of everything depends on demographics may sell books, but it's shortsighted."

Clayton himself is modestly optimistic about the long-term prospects for real estate. He recently prepared a report for ScotiaMcLeod, Inc. that predicted that the

By the year 2010, David Foot says, the supply of homes will exceed demand—and prices will crater.

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Business NOTES

BOOST FOR THE ROCK

Isco Ltd. will build a \$1-billion nickel smelter and refinery in Newfoundland's Argenta-Long Harbour region, 150 km southwest of St. John's. The company says it chose the area because of its year-round deep water port and plentiful power supply. The facility, which will process ore from Labrador's main nickel mine's Bay Rock deposit, will open by the year 2000 and employ about 750 people.

CRISIS IN THE WOODS

High logging costs and depressed pulp prices are hurting the life out of British Columbia's forest industry, analysts say. "It's getting close to a crisis," said Mike MacDermid of Price Waterhouse's forest group. Stumpage fee increases and the costs of implementing the MDP government's new forest practices code are pushing logging costs too high, said analyst Herish Kier.

RULES OF THE GAME

Mutual fund companies should impose strict rules on personal investing by their employees, but an outright ban is not far or practicable, says a report for the Investment Funds Institute of Canada. The institute asked lawyer James Baille to review its proposed personal investing code—which does not prohibit personal investing—after a controversy erupted over fund manager Vanessa Hovda's trading in a junior mining company.

TELLING THE TAX MAN

Conservative-idea Canadians are increasingly coming clean with Revenue Canada. In the 1985-1996 fiscal year 889 people came forward to report \$66.6 million in unpaid taxes, said spokesman Michel Cloux. That's up from 264 taxpayers and \$11.6 million in 1982. Ottawa hopes to make such declarations easier by relaxing the penalties for GST cheaters.

NEWSPAPER SALES SLIP

The country's 105 daily newspapers lost readers for the sixth year in a row, with average circulation dropping 5.2 per cent. Sales fell in part because of higher prices and moves by some publishers to cut costs by reducing distribution areas, said the Canadian Newspaper Association. Dailies sold an average of 5.2 million copies a day this year, versus 5.5 million in 1985.

A \$6-billion year for the banks

Analysts predicted it for months, but the number seemed too far off: a total of more than \$6 billion in profits for Canada's six biggest banks. The record-setting performance was confirmed last week as the Toronto-Dominion Bank reported net earnings for the year ending on Oct. 31 of \$814 million, and two others announced they exceeded the billion-dollar milestone. The Bank of Montreal's broken line rose in at \$2.2 billion, while the Bank of Nova Scotia ended the year with \$1.07 billion in profits. The remaining three are scheduled to report their year-end results this week.



Bank of Montreal chairman and CEO Matthew Barrett, right

The banks' huge paydays are due in part to lower loan-loss provisions. A stronger economy and the renewed

vigor of large corporate clients have helped reduce loan losses by \$1 billion since 1992, said Hugh Brown, a bank analyst with Novus Inc. The banks' leverage ratios and mutual-fund divisions, flying high on the strength of a sterling stock market, were also major contributors. Retaining service charges, a perennial item in the side of customers, accounted for about three per cent of profits.

The banks defended their earnings, pointing out that they pay billions of dollars in taxes and contribute millions in charities. But "It's simply not enough to say that banks pay their taxes," said Duffi Gough, an advocacy group. "It doesn't mean they're good corporate citizens."

Stocks hit a new high

The Toronto Stock Exchange 300 index smashed through the 6,000 mark, spurred by low interest rates and billions of dollars in foreign investment. The market's blistering pace is unprecedented. The bellwether index has soared 27.6 per cent since January, almost twice as much as it rose over the previous nine years. The TSE index has achieved remarkable strides in times since the beginning of the year. Gold, banks and utilities have led the drive.

The market's dizzying height is giving some analysts the jitters, but others see no reason for the run-up in prices to end any time soon. Low sales, which traditionally drive investors into the stock market in search of better returns, are expected to prevail through next year. Foreign investors remain impressed with Canada's debt-slicing governments, said Lloyd Alderson of Perigee Investment Counsel, a money management firm. And restructured Canadian companies are reaping higher profits and boosting their share prices as a result, he added.

FINANCIAL OUTLOOK

Canada's economy grew at an annual rate of 3.3 per cent in the July-to-September quarter, the best performance since the end of 1994. Bank exports, a record grain crop and a 7.4-per-cent boost in business investment fuelled the surprising gain.

The sudden surge prompted some analysts to conclude that interest rates have bottomed out for now. Despite low rates, consumer spending remained weak, advancing only 1.3 per cent. By contrast, U.S. consumer confidence hit an eight-year high.

"There are still a couple of big hurdles ahead of us, but the way it's much faster pace

of economic growth. Federal, provincial and municipal governments continue to reduce expenditures."

—Scott Brink

"Stronger job growth in November and December, combined with the rate cuts since the third quarter, should give us the holiday shopping bounce that we expect."

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The Cup runneth over

Hope springs eternal in the long-troubled CFL.

It was a "B" and seventh seed when the Edmonton Eskimos locked out the 1996 Grey Cup Game in Hamilton on Nov. 24. But for fans who braved the benches at Ivor Wynne Stadium that night, the meteorological assault was no such a part of the Canadian Football League's first in three downs and upped the tension. "This is what we come for," laughed Tim Young, a

the American division (Baltimore, Memphis, Shreveport, San Antonio, Birmingham) disappeared altogether, leaving the league with nine Canadian teams. And when play began, three of those entries (Ottawa, Montreal, B.C.) floundered and two of their owners (Drummond and B.C.) suspect paying the bills. "The league handed out nearly \$4 million of its TV and sponsorship revenues

been the CFL's savior. It has a remarkable knack for producing exciting games, and a generally good terrible TV ratings—the 1996 game drew a nationwide audience of 39 million—which helps convince corporate and broadcast backers to sign on for another season. But both Tory and commissioner Larry Smith say they have a solid foundation for their optimism. At a meeting the day before the game in Hamilton, league governors promised to follow eight guidelines designed to hold down player salaries and operating costs. Although the league already had a voluntary salary cap in place—\$2.1 million per team—most teams exceeded their limits in an effort to improve their rosters. "The way they were spending was just not sustainable," Tory said. "The league was going to change."

Even if the owners stay in line, the CFL still faces a third-year rebuilding situation. New B.C. Loans owner David Briley says he needs to sell 15,000 season tickets before next season to make that franchise viable. By last week he had peddled only 1,200. In Montreal, majority owner Jim Sparo says he has secured the necessary backing to keep the Alouettes afloat, but in Ottawa the Rough Riders appear dead. "I mean, that would be a shame," says Smith, "but if we don't have Ottawa to start the season, we will live with that." Smith is looking for payroll concessions, too, but players' association boss Don Ferraro says the athletes have already taken cuts to their salaries, which average \$45,000 per season.

Smith, whose contract is about to expire, is expected to stay on if the owners rally his restructuring scheme. Part of the plan is to eliminate each team's "franchise" player, whose salary does not count under the cap. That designation allowed Argos' quarterback Doug Flutie, who in his year one of the league's top individual awards as well as the Grey Cup to earn a league-high

\$1 million. But while the CFL cannot offer riches to most, it still offers a field of opportunity to American players who fail to make the National Football League. "Even if he makes just \$25,000—which in professional sports isn't a lot—that's a lot for a guy just out of college," says Argos running back Mike (Shabazz) Clemons, a Florida native. Echoing a sentiment expressed by other Canadians, Hamilton-born Paul Manuella hoped the league might someday be as hot a ticket in Toronto as it is in the CFL's Western heartland. "Wouldn't it be great," the Toronto receiver wondered, "if a basketball coach could go to a CFL game and

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Argos' Flutie (2) leading Edmonton defenders; under the new plan, as more costly "franchise" players

Hardline supermarket manager who was wearing a snow-splattered Tiger-Cats parka and matching jacket. "It wouldn't be Grey Cup without it," said the Toronto Argonauts' exhilarating 35-27 victory over the Eskimos was tinged with sadness. The financially strapped CFL seemed once closer to death's door in recent weeks, anticipating some calamitous to suggest the 1996 Grey Cup might be the last. And that, said Edmonton coach Ron Lancaster, who has been a CFL player, broadcaster and coach in the league for 36 years, would be a tragedy. "No one ever knows what they've got until it's gone," Lancaster said glumly. "Then they miss it." By any measure, the CFL is in serious trouble. Before the 1996 season even began,

mostly to grip up Ottawa. The halibut failed—the league has since revealed the Rough Riders franchise—and it threatened the solvency of the six otherwise stable teams that had controlled its fair share of league revenues to balance their budgets. As grim as that sounds, huge springs over and in a league accustomed to calamity. "We have a commitment from the owners, we are putting a viable business plan together and we are coming off a fantastic Grey Cup," says chairman John Tory, who only a month before had warned that the CFL was on its last legs. "The challenge is to move quickly and capitalize on that momentum."

Snapshots might include Tory's harrowing to Grey Cup fever. After all, the Cup has long

JAMES DRACON is in Montreal

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Trent Frayne

Modern goalies hide behind their masks

What a wonderful hockey moment it was a few weeks ago in Philadelphia when that unathletic goaltender fellow Ben Hecstall spent, no, hundred, no, a hundredth of the time of the ice to save Felix Potvin, his rival in the Toronto cage, in a point of honor de combat (because, two goalies face-to-face in enough armor to gold a tank, saving old Hecstall's neck).

Yet, how delightful. Nowadays, the Hecstall fans aside, goaltenders live trouble-free lives in their cages, their masks as armor, their lemons armored by bulletproof masks. Technology protects their bulging bellies, and to ensure jacks they employ catch-up skate while as armor shields. Hockey goalies now will be coming down an over-the-ice copy-righted, even the over-the-ice fellow have no fears to attack them in the night. They might as well be working in reading chairs.

"The mask revolutionized the goaltender's job," Dave Dryden said five other days. Dave is a guy who survived nine NHL seasons in goal for the Rangers, the Blackhawks, the Oilers and the Sabres. Later, he was the goaltending coach for Detroit's Red Wings, and his years of blocking pucks behind a mask have left him unscathed. These days, he's an elementary school principal in suburban Toronto, and he retained his full from Japan and Sweden where he had been engaged to pursue his ongoing studies, instructing goaltenders.

Dave says the difference the mask made was in erasing a goalie's apprehension. "It allows him to put his face down close to the ice where he can more easily follow the puck. With deflections and guys shooting bullets are no longer a menace."

Dave's brother Ken, who killed the Canadiens net for eight seasons, noted a whole back that along with providing fearlessness the mask is a blocker suggesting the one goalies employ to punch out pucks on the stick side. These days, face is masked and teeth intact. Ken is a teacher, a lawyer and a frequent of her dinner speaker, lean in a business suit, white shirt and tie, looking in as hard-core rather like a professor. The mask allowed that.

Pre-mask goaltenders hardly resemble goaltenders—or businessmen—of any kind. Johnny Bauer, the old-line, Glenn Hall, the enigmatic Eddie Johnston, the orange-brun, those are goaltenders whose facial scars suggested they were over-worked firemen. The controversial Buster Johnson of the Bruins, Boston Bruins Goatskin and Bobby Hull for 15 NHL seasons. He figures he took at least 250 stitches in his face, and three facial lacerations and bruises as his most frequent injuries. "You'd get hit over the eye, or hit swell, then it'd be a bump," he remembers. "So they'd put the leech on."

"The leech?"

"Yeah, the leech kept 'em in a solution on the infirmary staff and he'd take one out with a pair of tweezers and place it next to the

lamp. The leech would edge over, examine the bump, then clamp on to it and have a meal. It would get fatter and fatter and then, pop, down he'd go and the swelling around the cut would go, too."

No goaltender nowadays goes through the mental turmoil that assailed Glenn Hall through his years in Detroit and Chicago. He'd toss his cookies before games. Once, sitting upon a ladder in the opposing team's end of the rink, the Chicago coach, Billy Phillips, couldn't understand why the linesman didn't drag the puck. Then he happened in place at his own end. "The net was deserted. Hall had suddenly bolted for the dressing room to throw up again."

Eddie Johnston, now the coach at Pittsburgh, wears a slight look as his otherwise slender nose. He picked up three of his seven broken bones in one stretch of 10 nights in the Boston net. "I broke it

in New York and took 18 stitches. There used to be this little Japanese doc at the Gardens, who we all called Kamikaze, and he'd just reach up and give the nose a quick twist to bring it back into place. The next night in Boston I broke it again for 12 more stitches and then we went into Montreal and broke it again. After that I started wearing the mask."

Old timers occasionally talk ruefully of their playing days but mostly their reflections are delivered with a chuckle. This was never the case with Terry Sawchuk, who suffered until injury, mental and physical, through much of his 11 NHL seasons, a kind amplified by injury in Brian Kennedy's new biography called *Sawchuk, the Legend of Terry Sawchuk*. He relates, too, how Sawchuk introduced the goalie crouch, "bent so deeply that his chin almost touched his padded knees." Sawchuk was performing, as he noted, the sole that has made today's casualst marvels fearless. No wonder he had more than 400 stitches in his face and head before he adopted a mask in 1962.

One night in the summer of 1955, I spent for too many hours here drinking with Sawchuk at a golf course run by his father-in-law on the outskirts of Detroit. He had just been traded by the Red Wings to Boston. He was depressed. For Detroit he had won the Calder Trophy as the league's best rookie, then the Vezina Trophy three times in the next four seasons. So the trade devastated him.

"Does anyone I've worked for," he asked. He couldn't understand how the arrogant Detroit boss, Jack Adams, had picked maverick Glenn Hall ahead of him to guard the Red Wings net. Injuries, as dentists, glasses and medical operations plagued him. Once, I stood near him in the Maple Leaf dressing room as he weighed himself. He wore only a towel, his body a sunset of bruises, welts and ugly red scratches. His weight once had hit 229, but now the scale balanced at 157, a spread of 72 lb.

Still, anguished as he was, Sawchuk never skated the length of the ice to belabor a lodge member. Nowadays, apparently, not every thing is tragic or even behind a mask.



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Never, ladies for the actors but not the director

Unsunder hero

IT CAME AS NO surprise when Czech director David Cronenberg's still-controversial movie about cars and sex rode off with the biggest haul at last week's 71st annual Genie Awards celebrating Canadian Broadcasting. It won five awards, including best director. But *Jarvis*, director John Greyson's daring film about a Quebec bishop forced to relive his homosexual past, cut off Cronenberg at the finish line to take the Genie for best picture. And the cast of *Long Day's Journey into Night*—William Hurt, Martha Byrne, Peter Donaldson and Martha Burns—left all competitors in the dust by sweeping the acting categories. The winning hero was David Willingham, who regrettably was not nominated for directing the four Genie-winning performances by the Stratford cast of the Eugene O'Neill play "It's appalling," said Burns after receiving her supporting actress award. Willingham's transformation of the play to the screen was much trickier than it looks, she added. "People gawk at understanding the notion of love in nature. But it's always depressing that when someone does something perfectly with as little drama as she so nicely acknowledged," said Burns (role of actor Paul Gossel), "his is more paid off. As the maid in *Long Day's Journey*, she was her Genie for a year part. It has been called O'Neill's 'most Canadian role.'" She said, "but there's no such thing as a Canadian role, just a very thankful actor."



Seasonal spirit

SINCE Tom Jackson, the Cree star of SRC's hit television series *North of 60*, presented the first Harmon Curiel benefit concert in Winnipeg in 1998, the concerts, which raise money for local food banks, have spread across the country.

26 years, says Jackson, asked him to play in just a couple of concerts, but he volunteered to do the entire tour. "It's a worthy cause," explains Major. "People need food banks all year round, but they need the stresses even more during the holiday season. It's all worthwhile if we can help to put a hot meal on their table."

Atlantic winners

THERE were supposed to be two Canadian contenders. But Newfoundland's *Bonnie House*, the reigning Miss Canada International, was barred from a Caribbean pageant after her arrest in October following a fight in a St. John's bar. That left Miss Canadiana International, Jody Keir, 20, as the lone Canada—she was named the most of her chance. "I couldn't believe it," the thrilled part-time model and waitress from Middle Stowack, N.S., told Maclean's after being crowned Miss Caribbean Queen International World in Kingston, Jamaica, on Nov. 23. Presenting two contestants from 14 countries, Cook became the first Canadian in 27 years to hold an international pageant title.

Cook first international title in 27 years

Onstage with Kiefer

ACTION and onetime political activist Shirley Douglas says she will be in a certain cause, but she is in just too busy to get out and support them. "During the past few years, I haven't had time to take a breath," says Douglas, 62, daughter of Canada's first socialist premier, Tommy

Douglas. Among the projects keeping her busy is playing Mary Bailey, a nurse, Depression-era actress on the CBC television drama *Wind at My Back*. Even before its debut this week, the program had 13 episodes filmed for a second season. And next March, Douglas, a former member of the National Arts Centre's company in Ottawa, returns to her stage roots with Ottawa and Toronto productions of *The Glass Menagerie*. Her co-star her son from her marriage to Donald Sutherland, actor Kiefer Sutherland. "He always used to do a play with me," Douglas says. "He is just thrilled."

Major: a concert volunteer

History

Young survivors

IN the spring of 1948, Simon Saks took a train ride that haunts him still. He travelled in a stuffed cattle car, exposed to the weather. Cramped in with him were hundreds of other inmates taken from the Buchenwald concentration camp. For a month, the train fled through the German countryside, its drivers trying to evade the advancing Allied armies, now just weeks away from victory. It rained constantly. There was no food. Every morning, Saks awoke to find himself surrounded by the emaciated bodies of those who had died in the night. He was 13.

Now 64, Saks lives in Toronto where he and his son Brian run a wholesale gourmet business. Slight and intense, he works at a table surrounded by racks of women's clothes. In many ways Saks seems a typical businessman, but he has a certain still reserve about him, as though his experiences have set him apart. When he talks about his survival—he was fifteen when rescued from the pain by the Red Cross, after the guards had fled—he struggles for words. "I don't know why I survived," he says in his accented English. "Some one watched? I say to myself, 'Why not?'"

He might well ask. Very few children escaped alive from the Holocaust. To the Nazis who ran the death and labor camps, the unwanted hundreds of thousands of prisoners under 18 were considered useless; they consumed scarce resources, and they were not much good as slave laborers. And so, more often than not, they were killed. But a few thousand lucky ones managed to survive. The boys, a newly published book by the eminent British historian Martin Gilbert, tells the story of 738 of them. These Jewish orphans—Saks may well be the youngest of

their number—were taken to Berlin after the war, where a remarkable rehabilitation program helped restore a sense of hope and purpose to their lives. Now, 50 years later, many of them have revealed to Gilbert their painful wartime memories. But the book also tells how, in each other, they found a

friendship that, for Saks, was an education. He calls them "jelly little people" in reference to the short stature of so many of them, a result of malnourishment in the camps. "And they so clearly love each other," he adds, "consuming their behavior at the moment on." They strike each other's faces and kiss each other's bald spots. It became very fond of them."

Gilbert, perhaps best known for his volume biography of Winston Churchill, had his own long tragic brush with the stresses of war. In the summer of 1940, when the German air raids on England were growing in intensity, Gilbert's parents sent him and his brother home in London to Canada, one of several thousand children the British moved beyond the reach of a feared German invasion. Gilbert, who was only three at the time, was placed with a family in Toronto. While Saks and the other boys were confronting the German terror on the continent, Gilbert was coming to terms with the apparent loss of his family. Then, as a seven-year-old schoolboy in 1944, he faced the trauma of separation from his

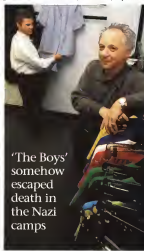
new "family" and reunion with his parents, who by then seemed almost like strangers. Asked about that time, Gilbert throws up his arms: the subject is simply too complicated and painful to talk about. But it appears to have played its part in shaping one of the most successful of his career among Gilbert's 48 books are nine about the Sec-

even though a few of them are women.) Over the years, Gilbert says, he has often appeared as a guest speaker at the Boys' annual reunions. Moved by the stories of his survival, he encouraged them to write their memories down and send them to him. "They were not an age group that had left much in the way of records during the war," Gilbert says, contrasting on the uniqueness of the first-person testimonies he has found in his book. "There haven't been many nine-year-olds' stories left."

Gilbert says he was also intrigued by the lack of bitterness in a group that had every right to feel hatred. "They haven't become negative or vindictive. They aren't people who live in the past." In fact, to hear Gilbert speak of them, the Boys are an education. He calls them "jelly little people" in reference to the short stature of so many of them, a result of malnourishment in the camps. "And they so clearly love each other," he adds, "consuming their behavior at the moment on." They strike each other's faces and kiss each other's bald spots. It became very fond of them."

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Saks with his son Brian: children were killed because they made good laborers

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and World War. Few of these concern the Holocaust, including his masterful 1988 study, *The Holocaust: The Jewish Tragedy*. But for all the years he has spent studying the terrible event, Gil-

bert says he has never gotten used to it. Although he tries to maintain a certain distance from the material, there are days when his memories of survivors' gestures, or in photographs of stricken (pushes him toward the edge: "I know things are going wrong if I start having bad dreams," he says. "Or, working in the archives, I'll get this eerie feeling in my stomach. Then I know I have to pull back." The sometimes he cannot pull back soon enough. Once, listening to a survivor's story, he failed. When he reviewed the survivor's wife, who had also been in the camps, immediately launched into an even more gruesome tale. He only just managed to stop her.

Gilbert's sensitivity to Holocaust material has always guided his choice of the book's images and pictures he includes in his books. Asked about the relatively tasteful photographs that illustrate both *The Holocaust* and *The Boys*, the historian—who is honest Jewish—responds tersely: "You can't show people the real pictures or you'd make them sick."

For all that, *The Boys* is a disturbing book. Yet, miraculously, much of its power comes from images that are entirely peaceful. Unlike most Holocaust studies, which concentrate exclusively on the ghettos and camps, *The Boys* opens with a section recalling the prewar Jewish communities of Eastern Europe, particularly in Poland. Through the testimony of *The Boys*, the old life in Polish villages and towns comes to life, with all its warmth and vitality. Joshua Segal, who

Gilbert (centre) signing books for the *Boys* and their families: disturbing

was born in Lodz, Poland, and now lives in Toronto, recalls how "every Friday night my mother let the candles, and the whole family and guests would be there for dinner. Our house was an open house, with visitors and relatives sharing all the joys."

Such testimonies hint at the probable value of what was shattered and lost when Germany invaded Poland in 1939. If German racist policies were terrible for Jewish adults, they were even worse for their bewildered children, who became orphans and, increasingly, victims of the Nazi terror. Early in the war, the Nazis began rounding up Polish Jews and imprisoning them in the cramped, starvation-ridden neighborhoods known as ghettos. It was in a ghetto in the Polish town of Bialystok that Segal, then nine, was hidden by his parents from a German search party. When he emerged, they were gone—he never saw them again. Today, one of his most vivid memories is the way the Nazi guards used to assure themselves by shooting ghetto inmates at random. "They used dum-dum bullets. No matter where they hit you, those bullets would rip you apart."

Then, after the ghettos, something even worse. Millions of Jews, along with gypsies, homosexuals and others deemed unfit by the Nazis, ended up in the vast labor and death camps with names—Auschwitz, Treblinka, Belzec—that would in a few years come to symbolize humanity's capacity for evil. For children, the camps meant almost certain death. Many were "selected" as soon as they stepped off the trains and sent to the gas chambers. Yet even a few of those managed to prolong their lives by daring to turn into lineages of groups who had been

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WHAT PUTS US TO CHALLENGE

HISTORY

temporarily spared because they were old enough to work. Others pretended to be stilled at odds, or led about their ages, or stood on benches to make themselves look taller in a crowd. Yet others were protected, unexpectedly, by kindly guards or firemen. But what all the survivors had in common was luck, and loss of it. "One stroke of luck was never enough," Gilbert writes, "each Boy can recount a litany of such moments."

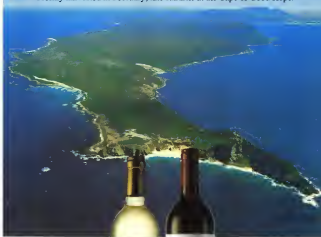
For those children who endured, the cost was immense. "At the age of 11, I became an adult," one child survivor observed, "and five years later I became an old man." In the summer of 1945, the British government, moved by the plight of the orphans, gave permission for 3,000 of them to be sent to England. Only 732 could be found. They flew from Prague on Lancaster bombers, then went to reception centres in the countryside. Many could scarcely believe their ordeal was over: they gorged on the plentiful food and, aside bread from the tables, unable to understand that the supply was limitless. But gradually the care and dedication of the British staff, many of them Jewish themselves, brought the Boys back to health and hope. Today, they recall the experience with gratitude. Saks, who at the end of the war was suffering from typhus, is moved to tears remembering the kindness of his British helpers. He particularly recalls a local Englishman who one afternoon took him and a number of other Boys to a movie. "Afterwards," Saks says, "he brought us all bicycles."

Saks emigrated to Canada in 1948, a 16-year-old bent on enjoying some of the youthful pleasures he had missed: the especially loved going to dances. Eventually, he married and had two children. His older son, Alan, teaches business resource management at Concordia University in Montreal. But he never talked about his ordeal, not even to his wife, Renee, until after he saw Steven Spielberg's 1993 film, *Schindler's List*. "The film brought everything back," Saks says. "I realized I was of the last generation who could tell this story." He began to speak of his experiences, and was videotaped for Spielberg's Holocaust archives, which store interviews with survivors around the world to preserve their memories. But he says that talking about the Holocaust has not lightened the burden of the event. "You can't really understand, unless you went through it," he says. "It Saks feels a sense of survivor's kinship with anyone—other than his fellow Boys—it is with victims of recent episodes of "ethnic cleansing" in Yugoslavia and central Africa. "I look at those poor people on television, and I know what they are going through," he says, shaking his head. "I can't believe it's all happening again."

JACOB BERGHOFF

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BETWEEN COVERS

IN A SPECIAL SECTION, MACLEAN'S TOASTS CANADIAN BOOKS

Left: (left), Vanderhaeghe peer recognition—and a new pair of shoes



Write, drink and be merry

BY DIANE TURBIDE

Two years ago, Guy Vanderhaeghe applied to the Bank of Montreal for his first mortgage. When the manager asked the Saskatchewan fiction writer about his assets, Vanderhaeghe cited his car, a 1976 Ford Fairmont Futura. "What's that worth, about \$150?" was the bank manager's reply. Vanderhaeghe, recalling the exchange in a Montreal interview, said he shot back: "No way—\$220 at least." The manager "looked at me sort of dumbly, then turned to my wife, hoping, I'm sure, that she'd say we was a registered nurse. When she told him, 'I'm a painter, the poor guy's been paid by,' Vanderhaeghe, 45, laughed at the memory. He did get his mortgage all right, and eventually sold his Ford for \$150.

Vanderhaeghe considered that victory to his fellow writers at a gala dinner given by the Bank of Montreal last month to honor the latest winners of the Governor General's Literary Awards. He was picking up his second Governor General's Award for fiction, for his novel *The Englishman's Boy* (his first, in 1992, was for the short-story collection *Men Drowning*). The awards—administered by the Canada Council—honor books in two languages and seven categories: fiction, nonfiction, drama, poetry, text and translation for children's literature, and literary translation. After receiving their prizes from Gov. Gen. Roméo Levesque at an afternoon ceremony, the laureates gathered at the bank's posh Montreal headquarters for a dinner that featured champagne, individually monogrammed menus and a four-course meal. It was part of an exuberating but exhausting three-day blitz of TV, radio and print interviews, receptionist-style politeness that moved from Montreal to Ottawa to Toronto, and included a five-class train ride. The hoopla was a far cry from Vanderhaeghe's usual routine—as it was for most of the writers, many of whom earn more critical praise than money.

Despite the explosion in Canadian writing in the past 25 years, there are probably at most a dozen people in Canada who make a

decent living by writing serious literary works. But while the Governor General's prize money—boosted from \$2,000 to \$10,000 seven years ago—is hardly enough to live on, the attention publicity does help to sell books. The privately sponsored \$25,000 Giller Prize for fiction has also increased the glimmer quotient around the award's fiction base, and proved a boon to sales.

But just as important to the trophy, say the authors, is peer recognition. In Vanderhaeghe's case, *The Englishman's Boy*, a historical tale with two narrative strands set in 1930s Hollywood and 1970s Saskatchewan, is a significant departure in subject matter and style from his previous works. Getting the award was "a validation," Vanderhaeghe told *Maclean's*. And once he had signed the good news—the Canada Council's check—writing and publishing, Gordon Fick, informed him in person in late October that he had won—Vanderhaeghe held up his book to Fick. "I told him I was wearing the same dress shoes that I'd bought with the money from my 2002 award."

Vanderhaeghe was wearing new shoes—Dun's Black collared, to be exact—when he showed up in Montreal for the awards ceremony on a sunny Tuesday last month. He joined legend Québécois writer Marie-Claire Blais this year's winner of the French-language fiction award for her novel *Sept* (English), essayist John Robison Saul, whose book *The Greenroom* (Chabon) won for nonfiction in English, and nine other laureates. Robison Saul, who took the top drama prize with *The Absentee*, was one of the stand-out French-language books was honored with an *Académie* award this year. And despite differences in language, writing genre and place of origin, a polite tradition among the winners soon gave way to easy camaraderie. "It's rare for so many writers to be together like this," said Blais, 57. "And if it's high time that we are, because we are artists, and artists are universal forces."

Blais, a legendary *Sept* avid who reads 20 novels to her name, picked up her prize at age 19 with *La belle juive* (which means *The Jewess* in the *Éditions de l'Arche* and *Les Éditions de l'Arche* have been translated around the world). The slight ad-

missionnaire—who writes in Koy West, Fla., and travels extensively abroad—describes *Sept* as "a novel about survival at the end of the century. Blais says that she can't imagine going up to the writing life, despite its material and psychosocial difficulties. "I'm very touched when readers tell me that a book of mine helped them. Fiction is not just fiction, it's a work of art that gives form and soul."

In their acceptance speeches at the Monument National in downtown Montreal, several writers expressed pessimism about the future of the artion Canada. Robison Saul drew loud cheers from the audience when he denounced the sacrifice of the public good and the eclipse of culture in the face of an overwhelming socioeconomic grip on the public agenda. E. D. Blais, an education professor whose *Amélie*, *Rosses* at a Pines took the poetry prize, defended a minimalist writing and quoted German poet Rainer Maria Rilke to illustrate the very speech "nothing that poets do."

Some made more personal statements. Eric Beddows, whose superbly evocative illustrations in *The Englishman's Boy* became the Governor General's prize, said the audience that two important people had died in his lifetime. His longtime partner, playwright Elliot Hayes, had been killed in a car accident, and the author of the tale, Pam Carroll, had died of cancer. Why? going that

he found himself being offered advice about moving his prize money by two bank employees at his table. ("I can't remember a thing they said," This novel said "read." "Something about making him 7," Blais said smart, McCallister's Blais, who had started the 120 or so writers by denouncing the absence of cultural officials from the federal heritage ministry at the day's events, calling it "a bloody shame."

After a two-hour train ride from Montreal to Ottawa the next day, a none of the authors were taken aback by the sight of a stretch limo waiting to deliver them downtown. Robison Saul, a man who believes in the power of nature, was pleased to be photographed in front of them, saying that it conveyed a false message about writers' lives. Considering that they were spending the night at the serviceable but hardly luxurious Knowledge Inn, perhaps Robison was right.

At Ottawa's National Library that evening, some 400 people paid \$20 to hear the authors read from their works. Montreal translator Linda Gaboriau read a moving passage from *Blais* and *Saul*, a man who believes in the power of nature, was pleased to be photographed in front of them, saying that it conveyed a false message about writers' lives. Considering that they were spending the night at the serviceable but hardly luxurious Knowledge Inn, perhaps Robison was right.

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A rare opportunity for diverse authors to talk shop and bask in the limelight

while the books were not *Blais* and *Pines* but the *Station* ending. Beddows said "In those dark days, it never seemed like a trivial affair to climb the stairs to my studio to spend time with the sweetest and her penguin poster friend. It was, rather, a welcome escape into a happy place."

And the peace and ceremony of the official events there were some decidedly stressful moments. On the way to a morning rehearsal for the ceremony, some of the writers waiting down St. Laurent Boulevard found themselves dodging a staggering transmitter who passed precariously against the brick wall—a scene that could have been lifted straight from a Michel Tremblay play. Later, author LeBlanc presented the authors with leather-bound editions of their books, there was a reception backstage. Among those nibbling champagne and sipping wine was author/actor. The tall man dressed in a slinky one-piece, a large wide-brimmed hat and floppy trousers. "Bless where can I get some more sandwiches?" he asked a waiter, who politely pointed down the hall.

Not all of the surprises came from strangers. That evening, at the bank's dinner for the winners, Québec children's author Gilles Di-

Later, the authors met up in a bar. They swapped anecdotes about book tours, and shared horror stories about cultural trips organized through Canadian embassies. One morning, on a flight to Toronto—the last leg of the tour—an attendant pointed to the copy of *The Englishman's Boy* that Vanderhaeghe was holding. "Is that any good?" she queried. "Don't ask me, I wrote it," Vanderhaeghe replied. The woman blushed before congratulating him.

A second Governor General's Award, it seemed, hadn't turned him into a celebrity. He was on his way back to Saskatchewan, where he would mark assignments by his creative writing. He would start figuring out what to write about next, play some books up with his friends and prepare himself for some "unintended teasing" from them. Maybe the call his agent got from director Norman Jewison's office about optioning *The Englishman's Boy* for the big screen will open, maybe not. Vanderhaeghe shrugged. "What else happens, he knows that I'm in for the long haul." Most writers are obsessive, they're driven to do what they do, he said. "But I know good writers who give up, they weren't stubborn enough. You have to have a kind of ingrained stubbornness." □

Creative lightning strikes

In the spring, *The Cure for Death by Lightning* (Knopf/Canada) by Gill Anderson-Dargatz was among several first Canadian novels that earned a star at home and abroad, where it was publishing deals in five countries. The book—which continues the coming-of-age story of 15-year-old Beth Wink with recipes, newspaper clippings and other memorabilia from her mother's scrapbook—was later shortlisted for the Giller Prize for Fiction. Anderson-Dargatz, 32, had already won acclaim for her 1994 collection, *The Moss Herdler Stories*. She and her husband, Floyd Dargatz, a dairy herdman, live near Parksville, B.C., on Vancouver Island. Her reflections on being a writer



Anderson-Dargatz stepping into the fantastic

Family myths and mysteries are an author's pot of gold

My mother tells this story of my beginning when I came into the world. I didn't cry. I vocalized—cows and turkeys that struggled towards speech. I spoke early; my first word was "Cherries." As soon as I could string a sentence together, I expertly talked about my past, like old tales, though on pressing, my mother did provide particulars. I ended my own in the habit of comparing that other life with this one, especially when I wasn't getting my way.

What am I to make of this, my personal myth of origin? Friends ask: "Do you believe that [in about being reincarnated]?" If I say, I do, I risk sounding flaky; if I say I don't, I risk offending my mother, hence. So I usually select the option and say I celebrate the role of family stories. I take from them a sense of who I am and what I'm capable of. It would seem from this incarnation story, for example, that I was a born storyteller (my husband says I never tell a story the same way twice).

My ancestors, and my husband's, were farmers. The stories my parents tell often were pessimistic, but are softened by an underlying optimism and humor. A farmer won't tell God or the fates by saying, "fodder." True, grain to be a good year" because he will be punished for her present unsuccess. But will surely dedicate a bumper harvest. Instead, she complains about the weather, feed costs, her aching back. Perhaps God will hear her complaints and be merciful. On the other hand, farmers are famous for a stubbornness that is a form of hope. How can they go on farming if they don't believe next year will be better? Stories that evolve from farm life are stories of triumph over adversity, and of commitment to family and community because one must continue to survive. On my husband's home in north-central Alberta, everyone looks the front door on leaving, but leaves the back door open in case a neighbor has car trouble, in the frozen north. The stories that I write, then, are in praise of commitment, continuity and perseverance.

But my family stories are also haunted by the bizarre. My parents told me an aboriginal named Coyote Jack who appeared and disappeared at Jack's edge, just like a coyote, though he was only a shy man, not the monster his name inspired in my first novel. Like my character Beth, my mother was hit by lightning as a girl. She saw ghosts and had premonitions. I've built my own novel around her vision of her brother's drowning a week before it actually oc-

curred. With stories such as these, forming my identity, how can I avoid stepping into the black waters of the fantastic when I write? I view the stories my parents tell as precious gifts. They teach me, they prepare me, they open my mind to possibilities, and they keep the petty woes and joys of the everyday in perspective. In my life as a writer, they set for up the panorama from which I measure dreams. But I want just stories of the past that shape me and my fiction. We all develop new family stories to help redefine ourselves as the world around us changes. I tell the story of how I dressed in a cow suit and, on the crowded university campus, asked Floyd to marry me. I tell another about our wedding, a medieval costume bash with a cow theme. I purposefully left both these old myths unacknowledged because I knew the story that gave up turned on its head. And captured is the key word here: a story inspired in this way will not ripen on its own. On the other hand, if I don't write, some more: two of truth, is cultivated and allowed to thrive, it shoots up, gathers strength from my imagination and branches in to new life. Once ripened, its growth is arrested as, with luck, it is put into print. In short, the family story becomes fiction.

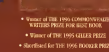
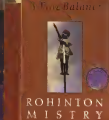
Many of us in Western culture are accustomed to learning about ourselves from fiction. Books and movies give us a window, if not replace the traditional secret myths that since defined us. Writers are the new prophets and priestesses, of a sort, and the heroines and heroes they create help shape our individual and cultural personalities. I suspect most fiction writers begin their writing sessions as I do, at home, in family stories. I cherish the narratives my ancestors handed down because they give me a history, and I delight in the tales I create and love because the day will come when I'll hand these to my children. Family stories are not nearly made in a continuous. When I retell these stories as fiction I'm aware of their power to encourage inspire and heal because they have already done just that for me. □

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• Shortlisted for THE 1996 DOUGER PRIZE

• Shortlisted for THE 1996 GOVERNOR GENERAL AWARDS FOR FICTION



• Winner of the 1996 GOVERNOR GENERAL AWARDS FOR FICTION

• Shortlisted for THE 1996 GILLER PRIZE

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NON-FICTION

I Have Lived Here Since the World Began Arthur Ray (Bantam). A rich chronicle of Canada's first nations, much of it based on oral histories from elders.

Double Vision: The Inside Story of the Liberals in Power Edward Greenspan and Anthony Wilson-Smith (Doubleday). A revealing look at Jean Chrétien, Paul Martin and the O'Neil reign.

SCENES Behind the Scenes Dave Thomas (McClelland & Stewart). An intimate history of the stage comedy troupe that eventually cracked up the television scene with a landmark show.

Hayden's Memories of a Man Who Couldn't Play David Adams Richards (Doubleday). The New Brunswick novelist is

written both a memoir and a polemic on the Americanization of the game, filled with humor and sadness.

A Swallowtail History George Bowring (Wing). This unbelieved account includes all the recent, hypocritical, lurid and

chastities.

A History of Brunch (Alberto Mancini) (Knopf Canada). An erudite and beguiling study of an abiding

human passion.

The Coldest Lover Menjen Simmonds (Maclean's, Walter & Ross). An evocative weave of fact and fiction based on the real-life illicit correspondence between a convict and a teenage girl 75 years ago.

Musica Caneca: A Canadian Pop Culture Odyssey Geoff Pearce and Greg Diamond (Penguin). A smart, insightful take on everyone from Gino Vannelli to Marshall McLuhan.

Races, Race & Echo: How to Profit from the Changing Demographic Shih-Dow Foot and Daniel Spittman (Maclean's, Walter & Ross). This populist-centred approach to just about everything makes some provocative predictions.

Red China Blues Jan Wong (Doubleday). The engaging memoir of a Chinese Canadian woman who arrived in her ancestral home a Marxist and left a stern critic.

Dresses of Millions, **Report from a Culture on the Brink** Mark Kingwell (Wing Penguin). An intelligent and witty argument that there is nothing new under the minimalist sun.

The Steamer: The Crisis in Canada's Prisons Martin Mannix (Doubleday). A hard-hitting report from the jungle behind bars.



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Alice Munro: Selected Stories and The Selected Stories of Margaret Atwood (McClelland & Stewart). Anthologies featuring the reigning queens of the genre.

The Green & Grey Janice Kulyk Foster (HarperCollins). The action moves from Toronto to Ukraine in this lyrical tale about a woman untagging her unknown past.

FICTION

Alice Grace Margaret Atwood (McClelland & Stewart). This year's Giller Prize winner is at the top of her form investigating the psyche of a real-life convicted "madness" in the 1940s.

The Engineer's Boy Guy Vanderhaeghe (McClelland & Stewart). This beaming novel, set in 1870s Saskatchewan and 1930s Hollywood, took the Governor General's Literary Award for Fiction.

The Cure for Death by Lightning Gail Anderson-Dargatz (Knopf Canada). The often fantastical story of a 15-year-old girl's quest for sanctuary, interwoven with recipes and whimsical entries from her mother's scrapbook.

You Went Away Timothy Findley (HarperCollins). A masterful evocation of the charged, unsettling atmosphere of the Canadian home front during the Second World War.

Fugitive Pieces Anne Michaels (McClelland & Stewart). A rich, poetic meditation on the legacy of the past, conveyed through the story of a Polish Jew orphaned by the Holocaust.

Angel Walk Katherine Gower (Little Brown). The remarkable tale of a female Canadian

photographer working in London during the Second World War.

Fall in New Keweenaw Ann-Marie MacDonald (Knopf Canada). This impressive, best-selling debut spins the saga of a Cape Breton family.

Last Snow Hilary Coates (Knopf Canada). The moving yet frequently cruel—and occasionally magical—story of a man

reeling from the death of his brother.

Let Me Be the One Elizabeth Hanover (HarperCollins). This collection

derives its frequency from Hanover's ability to focus on life's intimate, sad, funny—and utterly recognizable—moments.

The Green & Grey Janice Kulyk Foster (HarperCollins). The action moves from Toronto to Ukraine in this lyrical tale about a woman untagging her unknown past.

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RED CHINA BLUES by Jan Wong. The #1 Canadian bestseller... more than 22 weeks on *The Globe and Mail*, *The Toronto Star* and *Maclean's* bestseller lists. This book will become a classic. Fox Butterfield, *New York Times*: "A delightful memoir." *Maclean's* Doubleday Books Canada Ltd., hardcover \$22.95, 406 pages.

A IS FOR ARCTIC BIRNILL WONDERS OF A POLAR WORLD by Wynne Lynch. Wildlife photographer and science writer Wynne Lynch uses a lively alphabetical format to transform a distant landscape into a vibrant, accessible sanctuary of interactive species. *Griffy Books*, paperback \$24.95, 143 pages.

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THE OUTHOUSE REVISITED Photography by Sharnice Harris, text by Don Harmon. A gift to motor anyone who's Stroller Harris shows some of the most visited and widely appreciated outhouses from the collector, described and memorialized by the artist's way and why not? *Griffy Books*, hardcover \$29.95, 82 pages.

THE COMPLETE HARROWSMITH COOKBOOK ALL THREE HARROWSMITH COOKBOOKS IN ONE VOLUME by the editors and readers of *Harrowsmith Magazine*. Ranging from venison on cranberry country cooking to pragmatic North American adaptations of the nouvelle cuisine, the cookbook contains some of the best food and most imaginative recipes designed for everyday use. *Griffy Books*, hardcover \$25.00, 409 pages.

LOVE YOU FOREVER by Robert Munsch, illustrations by Sheila McGraw. Millions of families have delighted in this classic tale of a mother's profound love for her son through the stages of his life. This special gift edition is bound in cloth with gold stamping and depicts *Griffy Books*, hardcover \$19.95.

POTATO FACTORY by Bryna Couteau. From the bestselling author of *The Power of One*, comes this sweeping saga about Ben Solomon, his wife Harriet, and his ambitious mother, Mary. A vivid tale of early Canadian immigration and a family united by greed, hate and soaring ambition. *Little, Brown Canada*, \$29.95, 444 pages.

CASSELLMAN MORE RARELY CANADIAN WORDS AND SAYINGS by Eli Casselman. From the bestselling author of *Canadians: Words from the Street* comes another classic treasure through words and life sayings collected by Canadians, including the meaning of famous Canadian names, proverbs and proverbial words, a dictionary of 500 Canadian folk sayings, and a catalog of "new" words from 1994-97. *Little, Brown Canada*, \$19.95, 295 pages.

ANGEL WALK by Katherine Gower. Camie Dickson is a photographer who needs her name in the Second World War as a war correspondent. She is a new BS, and she and her son are sorting through her photographs to put together a retrospective of her life. An extraordinary tale of one woman's struggle for identity, love and adventure. *Little, Brown Canada*, \$29.95, 416 pages.



Pages of sheer pleasure

Shadowlight: A Photographer's Life by Freeman Patterson (Harcourt, \$50) showcases the acclaimed photographer's 30-year career with images that chronicle an inner journey. From South African rock formations to mist-covered hills in his native New Brunswick, Patterson evokes a sense of mystery and beauty.

The Great Lakes by Peter Bortol, with photographs by Ansel Gallati, (Stoddart, \$95) is a gorgeous reminder that the Great Lakes are one-fifth of the world's fresh water. Bortol's engrossing narrative covers natural history and how civilization has affected the inland seas.

The Fraser River by Alan Haig-Brown (Harcourt, \$49.95) presents the remarkable story of British Columbia's great waterway. Rick Blacklow's pictures travel the river's 1,368-km length to its mouth on the Pacific while Haig-Brown chronicles the river's role in history.

The Explorers: From the Ancient World to the Present by Paolo Novemio (Ginn, \$85) retraces landmark journeys with more than 500 images—losses, engravings, paintings, photos and maps. The engaging text ranges from little-known Bartholomew Columbus, Christopher's eldest, to such celebrities as Neil Armstrong. **A Day in the Life of Ideas**, edited by David Cohen, (HarperCollins, \$59.95) continues the series in which a bevy of photographers is sent out to capture the mood and look of a country. What unites these diverse, arresting photographs is color—deep, rich, saturated color that stains every page.

The Chinese Century: A Photographic History of the Last Hundred Years by Jennifer L. Sparks and Andrew Chen (Stoddart House, \$95) presents more than 250 black-and-white pictures as the authors, both U.S. sinologists, deftly guide readers from the enormous empire of 100 years ago to the emerging global power.

Painting Prices: The Life and Work of David R. Mace by David P. Silcox (University of Toronto, \$65) is the first of a four-volume series on one of Canada's master painters. This derivative biography is loaded with excerpts from the artist's diaries and writings and accompanied by more than 100 color and black-and-white paintings and drawings. **Peter Van Der Meer**, edited by Matthew Teitelbaum, (Douglas & McIntyre Art Gallery of Ontario, \$65) combines an engaging profile of one of Canada's senior artists with abundant illustrations and a perceptive analysis of Van's powerful, lyrical paintings.

Frederick H. Varley by Peter Varley (May Point, \$60) celebrates the Group of Seven painter. Peter Varley, Frederick's son, has provided a highly personal chronicle of his father's life and career, complete with 175 reproductions of the artist's drawings and oil paintings. **Heads Art** by George F. MacDonald (Douglas & McIntyre/Canadian Museum of Civilization, \$60) offers a thorough history of an extraordinary tradition, chronicling the development of Heald carving and other art forms from prehistory to such modern masters as Bill Reid.

Headlands: Nymphs at the Sea by Theodore Gatchell (Raincoast, \$39.95) is filled with fine-art reproductions, literary quotations and a wealth of manuscript lore, making it an excellent companion for idle times during the holidays.

As the winter holidays approach, 'tis the season for the annual run on gift books. A selection of the best, chosen by Maclean's editors and writers



The Monk's Wife by Nick Barcott (Raincoast, \$28.95) is not strictly speaking a picture book, but it does include magical, evocative graphics by the author (Griffin & Seaton). Here he tells the tale of museum employee Sara Wells and her strange, sensual adventures.

Terrence Conran on Design (Raincoast, \$50) and **The Look of the Century** by Michael Tambini (Fenley, \$49.95) are both wonderful-to-look-at surveys of 20th-century design. Conran, Britain's decorating guru, offers thoughtful essays on everything from clothing to food. Tambini's book is more a pictorial history.

Among the miffy spreads is one tracing the evolution of the bathrobe. **24 Hours in Cyberspace: Peeking on the Walls of the Digital Cave** by Rick Smolin (Sternville House, \$39.95) looks like a contradiction in terms—a lavish coffee-table tome about a domain where prurient is supposed to be obsolete. But Smolin, who created the hugely successful *Day in the Life* series, has assembled a stunning variety of images—from a Capricorn monk taking a laptop in the desert to Net surfers in a California hot tub. **Monterey: The Big Wave Photographs** by Jack Canell (Stoddart, \$29.95) sheds some soft light on an overexposed legend. Canell, who died last year, photographed Marilyn Monroe in 1952 while she was filming the movie *Nuage*. Some of the shots have the artless quality of holiday snaps; others capture the onramp, and the heat, of a superstar meeting the lens.

Feeling with Julia by Doris Greenleaf (Owlkarm House, \$40) is a dichotomous guide to making bread, cakes, buns and confections based on the techniques of America's high priests of food, Julia Child. **Calamita**, edited by Jonathan Rorer and Michael Oser (Wehrstep, \$100) is a vast, beautifully illustrated two-volume culinary tour of Europe, with recipes for everything from vinegary snails (Fennel) to dried cod in cream (Portugal). **The Essential Vegetarian Cookbook**, edited by Susan Timmer (Whitecap Books, \$39.95) is an amply illustrated volume on mediterranean and European Eastern, Asian and Italian cuisines—that are anything enough to convert Ronald McDonald. **The Herbs and Herb Book** by Annabel Beer (McClelland & Stewart, \$35) devotes 50 of its 300-plus pages to full-page descriptions of the cultivation and medicinal uses of herbs, which are then put to surprisingly good use in 170 recipes.

A Year in Figure Skating by Beverly Smith (McClelland & Stewart, \$40), **Skate** by Steve Milton (May Point, \$39.95), and **The Passion to Skate** by Sandra Bevis (Osgood, \$29.95) are all informative. Steve and Bev's Smith gives a reporter's view of the international cast of skaters competing in amateur and professional competitions during the 1995-1996 season. The subtitle for *Skate* is 100 Years of Figure Skating, but Milton, a reporter with *The Hamilton Spectator*, concentrates on the recent boom years. Bevis, a former Canadian champion pairs skater, details her work photographing industries for top skaters, directing skating shows and producing TV seasons. Smith and Milton offer front-row seats, but Bevis—with her insight and the book's lush photography—has a backstage pass.

1 She can't tell her doctor what's wrong.



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Books

Bad boys and Indians

An impressive newcomer writes on the wild side

TRAPLINES

By Edén Robinson
(Osgo) Canada, 215 pages, \$20

For Edén Robinson, a 28-year-old writer born on the Haida Nation Reserve in British Columbia, home is where the heartache is. It is also where a man who is a multiple killer could humanise her brother. So to say that Traphaus, Robinson's startling first collection of stories, deals with dysfunctional family life is to somewhat underestimate the case. With four chilling pieces, Robinson, whose impressive debut spawned a bidding war that led to deals with four international publishers, chronicles downtown life in the adolescent underclass of Vancouver and northern British Columbia, a world of bitter parties, body piercing, suicide attempts and household's swash on alcohol, post-party rubble and armed forces of violence.

Robinson's writing is often powerful, but sometimes important to the poem of fate as she presents horrific scenes in "Combat Sports," featuring a military sociopath, burns holes with his cigarette into his younger cousin Tom's shoulder. Tom is an epileptic who showers with the curtain open because "something large and dark followed him all day." In "Queen of the North," a young girl, Adelaide, keeps her eyes fixed on Seawall Street while her uncle Josh urinates his pants and prepares to rape her. But there is also a vein of quietness and humor (let's

back) that is somewhat interesting. Robinson writes of teen stations who have renamed themselves Puma and Cola, and of a girl whose friend takes a video of her during her first anal sex, in which she is singing Janis Joplin songs with her arms wrapped around a Korgis machine. They try to send it to America's Pinpoint Home Video, but it is rejected as "unsuitable for family viewing." Then there is the daughter of the killer name who finds lovely foster parents but thinks, "Everything will be perfect, if only Canada had the death penalty."

Robinson, who is one of Canada's first female police writers to gain international attention, also expertly uses the voice of male characters, and makes few direct references to any character being Indian—an interesting aside on the universality of such pain and trouble.

One of the most touching moments in Traphaus occurs in the title story, when a boy, Will, awakens with aching chest life in a family that functions. In Will's house, his mother is lying drunk on the livingroom floor while his brother is looking to beat him up. But in the home of his English teacher,



Robinson evokes the West's adolescent underclass

Mrs. Seythe, who is so concerned about him that she wants him to come and live with her and her husband, Will knows, "They'll take the groceries into the house after they lose, they'll kick the snow off their shoes and throw something into the microwave, which Chien reruns."

Set in Robinson's grim landscape, this some seems as out of reach as the moon, it is the bland miracle of normalcy, and it shades almost everyone in Traphaus.

JUDITH THOMSON



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BOOKS

Bungling in Beijing

STOLEN CHINA

By John Fraser
(McOlland & Stewart, 261 pages, \$25.95)

In *Stolen China*, John Fraser has produced the quintessential first novel. *Stolen China* is his first novel, not only because the book is Beijing correspondent for *The Toronto Observer* in the late '70s (Fraser's job with *The Globe and Mail* during the same period), he re-enacts exactly at least one incident from Fraser's memoirs. Excessive number of muddled plotlines and themes? The author, now Master of Misses College at the University of Toronto, ranges from the essential simplicity of powerbroking in East and West to larger questions about personal salvation, with stops at a murder mystery and a scene involving antique Chinese pottery.

As uneasy bond of drama and satire, *Stolen China* works far better at the latter. But Fraser consistently takes his satire in lowered directions. The satirically rendered intrigues of crooked officials in China's Cultural Revolution tend to culminate in an anticlimactic bullet in the back of some bearded worker's head. Similarly, the sharp-edged portrait of the cloistered life in Beijing's foreigner compounds is more ranty than funny—with the exception of the transatlantic Canadian broadcaster, a man given to pronouncing "By Jove" like some sort of jadedist Jacques Prévert. Fraser equates the motivations of greed and power in Beijing with those in Toronto, thereby ignoring the vast difference in status. In the *Cosmopolitan* barracks, a writing style can mean death. In a Toronto newsroom, the worst penalty means employment benefits.

But *Stolen China*'s major problem is its hero. Reporter James Halpert is an entirely naive and pompous, standard qualities for the main figure in a satire, he is also an utter idiot. He fails wearing Chinese work clothes when he "blend in" as a member of the country's tiny Caucasian minority. He stops talking—not once, but often—at the precise moment he is about to hear something vital. He cannot tell friend from enemy even when Fraser makes it obvious. Halpert, in fact, spends the entire 15 years the novel covers getting everything completely wrong. For himself and others who depend on him that it is difficult to establish any interest in him. Or his story.

BRIAN HEDWICK

Films

A life out of key

Music and madness in moving counterpoint

SHINE

Directed by Scott MacIsaac

Every so often, an independent film by some unknown talent scores up on Hollywood and beats all its own parts. *Shine* is this year's model, a small movie with a huge heart that delivers the kind of impractical experience the major studios would love to manufacture, if they could only find the formula. In crystal terms, it could be hailed (or dismissed) as this year's *My Left Foot*—an uplifting film from ahead based on the true story of an artist who triumphs over paralyzing adversity. It is an obvious Oscar contender. And its popular appeal has been evident since the Toronto International Film Festival in September, where both audiences and critics loved its lyrical film. Reducing *Shine* to another feel-good success story, however, diminishes its seductive eccentricity and its uncommon emotional power.

Shine is about music and madness, regression and redemption. It is inspired by the life of Australian pianist David Helfgott, a child prodigy who was killed by a nervous breakdown in his early 20s. When on the brink of international success, then was rediscovered after a decade of obscurity.

Then came opening in the early 1980s, with a score of the lost and brilliant David (Ge-

offrey Rush) standing out of the driving rain into piano bar. Through flashbacks, the narrative reveals his Australian childhood in the 1950s. As a child prodigy, the boy's tyrannical father, an exuberant Polish-German immigrant who lost most of his family to the Holocaust, demanded his own chance to pursue a musical career; he pushes his son to near-perfection goals on the piano yet just as easily thwarts his career opportunities.



Geoffrey Rush as David Helfgott

Doggedly derivative

101 DALMATIANS

Directed by Stephen Herek

Among all the movies banking after the holiday box-office decline, this is the one that has the best chance of making a profit. A film designed to make every child want to adopt a spotted puppy, or a plush toy. In *101 Dalmatians*, a cockling willow, Cruella De Vil, kidnaps a litter of pups to make a dog-suit coat. And, in its own way, Disney has done the same thing—taken a pondered classic, skinned it and stuffed it with the live-action slapstick of a *Home Alone* revenge force. It is, in fact, written and produced by John Hughes, who created *Home Alone* (1990) and in cross-breeding Disney's original *101 Dalmatians* with his own candy-feminine style of physical comedy, Hughes has created a merged—movie that has some bite, but lacks the magic of the original.

The dogs, at least, are lovely. So are the London locations. And

The adolescent David—played with dazzling wit by the sweetly growling Noah Taylor. (The *How to Succeed in Business* is finally allowed to reflect his talents at the Royal College of Music in London. There, noted by a legendary professor John Gielgud, he decides to tackle Rachmaninoff's awesomely difficult Piano Concerto No. 3. "It's a monster—take it or it will swallow you whole!" warns Gielgud's flamboyant character, hanging into the spirit of the drama with perhaps too much presence.

Shifting back and forth between past and present, *Shine*'s Australian director, Scott MacIsaac, builds a contrapuntal narrative that builds to an electrifying crescendo with the Bachmanian performance—and David's mental collapse. In that sense, *Shine* locates the terrifying core of silence that exists only onstage, where the artist trips past the point of no return, time stops dead and self-expression is frozen by fear.

There is a frustrating gap in *Shine*'s narrative, the decade-long black hole between David's breakdown and his salvation—which is lost both by a chance romance with an affluent Sydney astrologer (Lynn Collins) and by his own terms, like a piece of music. As the older David—a lovably benign madman—Rush gives a virtuoso performance, his chaotic speech spilling out as a jumble of verbal ticks and stammering digressions. For a drama about the terrible dangers of artistic genius, *Shine* is neither terribly dangerous nor characterful yet. Set in the swing spirit of its hero, it is an art that entertains with a general goodness.

HELEN D. JOHNSON

Shine Close delivers a deliciously over-the-top performance as Cruella, a fashion executive in the ratified story. Confirmed in an outrageous variety of animal prints, she is a cross between *Shrek* Wild's queen and the *Batman* baring boss from *Fatal Attraction*. But once the chins is under way, Cruella is not given a fighting chance—she, and her two bumbling *Home Alone*-inspired henchmen, just become sitting ducks for well-meaning

Jeff Daniels and Jeffrey Richardson, meanwhile, do warmed duty as Roger and Anita, disinterested owners who fail to love and get pregnant at the same time as their pets. But scolding marital romance to real dogs is incredibly cloying—and more ludicrous than with cartoon dogs. And because these dogs do not talk, the film has no real protagonists. Hughes, however, knows how to make many talk. And in that respect, his new breed of *101 Dalmatians* is probably spot-on.

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Television



Score from the drama: deeply affecting moments, but easy questions remain dangling

Hard-rock murder

GIANT MINE

(CBC TV, Dec. 4, 8pm)

A small northern community rears its head by a protracted strike that pits an arrogant American-born mine owner against a beleaguered union boss. Nine miners brutally murdered in an underground battle blast set by one of their own. The real-life tragedy that was played out in Yellowknife in the early 1990s had movie-of-the-week written all over it. And with this two-hour docudrama, the CBC has taken the bait. Well-acted and slickly produced, the program neatly captures the frustration, anger and outright paranoia that gripped Yellowknife when Ray at Oak Mines Inc. president Peggy White responded to a strike vote in May, 1992, by locking out her employees at Giant Mine and hiring replacement workers.

But in ending the drama with five September, 1992, explosions, the production provides only a shallow slouch at the most intriguing character in the whole affair: Roger Warren, the veteran hard-rock miner who perpetrated one of Canada's biggest quass murders. Giant Mine is told through the eyes of Jon O'Neill (Peter Outerbridge), a union moderate who is one of a handful of strikers to cross the picket lines. Bevelled as a "traitor," O'Neill emerges as the unbecoming voice of reason (shouted between the hard-nosed White (Alberta Watson) and the rabble-rousing union leader Barry Seaton (Peter MacNeill) in the scenery-chewing long). O'Neill's risky attempts to reopen negotiations are

thwarted when Seaton delivers a rousing speech to the miners: "We're up against a Yankee capitalist bagger. She doesn't give a damn about us workers, Yellowknife or the North. Only profits. She can fire workers. She can lock the gates. But we are hard-rock miners and we will not be intimidated!"

Thus being television, the producers cannot resist a few factual touches. The rugged "Yellowknife" that played hell as the union men's favorite hangout is not the sort of place that most self-respecting hard-rock miners would frequent. Meanwhile, the poorly and frequently otherwise real-life White must be flattered by the casting of Watson, a tall, slim Ellen Barkin look-alike who at least portrays ruthlessness with a regal bearing.

For all that, *Giant Mine* contains some deeply affecting moments, quite more so than when a playmate tells O'Neill's seven-year-old daughter "I can't talk to you because you're a scab." And as the final credits roll with Mingo Theroson plaintively singing, "It feels like I'm dying from inside for gold," it seems a fitting epitaph to the murdered men. Yet the unsatisfying camera treatment of Warren—who confessed to the murders 12 months after the blast, and was convicted of one count of second-degree murder in January, 1995—leaves many questions dangling. Chief among them: what drove a 49-year-old family man with an strong union ties to kill fellow miners? Perhaps viewers will have to wait for a *Giant Mine* sequel for some answers.

BRIAN HENGMAN

Mike's Picks

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Allan Fotheringham



Lucien on the road with federalists

There are some countries on the globe that are meant to lead. It used to be Great Britain, with the Royal Navy, with its colonies that painted the map pink and Eng-

lish gentlemen who went out, with the mad dogs, in the middle ages. Now it's the United States of America, with its might, its Disney and its Hollywood.

There are countries that are meant to combine. What's left of the Soviet Union, Russia, Serbia, Rwanda.

And there is one country that is meant to amaze. That would be Canada, otherwise known as Malice in Wonderland. The news that Lucien Bouchard is going to tour Asia with Team Canada so he can rub some of his right in there with Harold Lloyd, Buster Keaton, Laurel and Hardy and all the other slapstick jesters—not to mention Carby, Mac and Larry.

When you think of South Korea, the Philippines and Thailand, you don't immediately picture up people with a great sense of humor. They are going to develop it very quickly, come January when the Prince of Wales who can speak either of the two official languages comes calling with all 10 princesses, one of whom is already advertising that he's going to be a dorp.

When Mr. Chrétien's original Team Canada went to China in 1994, Jacques Parizeau refused to participate, preferring to stink at home, adding being one of his specialties. Saint Lucien has now taken this another wonderful step, promising to do his stinking in public.

The man who says "Canada is not a country" will now, he promises, promote Quebecers everywhere abroad. His deputy premier, Bernard Landry, darky wears Ottawa against any "bad symbolism" during the trip. This he explains, means Chrétien "travelling in a kilt" while others follow in miniskirts.

This clearly is an outrage, and I have a solution. I think all 12 of our leaders should get on unicycles, juggling oranges in the air as they hit the hot spots in Seoul, Manila and Bangkok. It would be difficult for Bouchard, admittedly, but perhaps a small elephant could help him with balance.

The protocol struggle that so concerns Landry and Bouchard is going to take more than Randy Post to survive! Who also will benefit the sale? Who gets the most bang for the buck? The world press will



watch, fascinated, as the question as to whether Canada is going to survive gets down to who gets to use the gentle red room last. "Bad symbolism" must be avoided at our peril.

One can see it all now. Bouchard looking out with his cane as Canada's finest are paraded down one of Bangkok's famous canals, whopping Roy Romanow on the boat because he got the window seat for the best view. What are the boys going to do about a night he lost the boat? Who gets the first minivan and who brings up the rear? A country is at stake here.

The River Boys Ahead, with one shoreline ahead, should be something to behold. This accident happened to be aboard when Joe Clark made his famous trip around the world from Tokyo to Bangkok to New Delhi to Athens to Jerusalem to Jordan to oblivion, with a staff so inept that they couldn't read an airline schedule and so lost his underwear and reputation. This promises to be even more fun.

One can see Bouchard, while the other premiers are inside at a trade show, standing on a soapbox in Manila explaining the Charlottetown accord. I am quite sure the eager journalists in South Korea will be delighted to hear his explanation as to why Quebec needs jurisdiction over manpover training.

This jacket really sends more than Carly Mac and Larry. The late Peter Sellers would be better, playing Inspector Clouseau listening in at the hotel bar late at night while Bouchard explains to Glen Clark why he has supported four different political parties as an adult male. He won't be able to discuss his golf swing with the ace, Brian Glavin, but unfortunately will enjoy knowledge, expert, Mike. Brian Glavin's hand three-hour run over Churchill Falls.

Everyone knows that inesperts, like fish, tend to become unswimable after three days. What is going on with these 11 blokes, in each other's hair and showers for 12 days? If I've ever had a recipe for constitutional disaster, this is it.

Chrétien's cloudy head with its inevitable in Ottawa, where he has no Opposition and his own cabinet can't handle anything, complicated by a Canadian Airlines to Somalia in blood. So he's spending as much time as he can on the road, sort of a Willy Lamas with a fancy hat, making jokes in China and slithering his 10 innegate lecherous legs in ambulances. The spectacle of Premier Bouchard, eager to have his own flag at the United Nations, whirling through three countries about being at the back of the bus, will make a reporter's job may.

We all know what happened when Newt Gingrich finished his political career by travelling like a schoolboy at having to enter the rear door of President Clinton's Air Force One on the way from Iowa to Jerusalem later for Israel's murdered prime minister. Will the maniacal federalist decide Canada's fate? Who is passed for more first after done? We've got to think about these things. Our country is at stake.



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